



# The Story of Dogtown



THIS  
BOOK  
BELONGS TO  
*Sarah C. Rogers*

Frank C. Rogers  
of England Capital  
London

Edward Rogers



# IN THE HEART OF CAPE ANN

OR THE

## STORY OF DOGTOWN

BY

CHARLES E. MANN

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CATHERINE MERRILL FOLLANSBEE

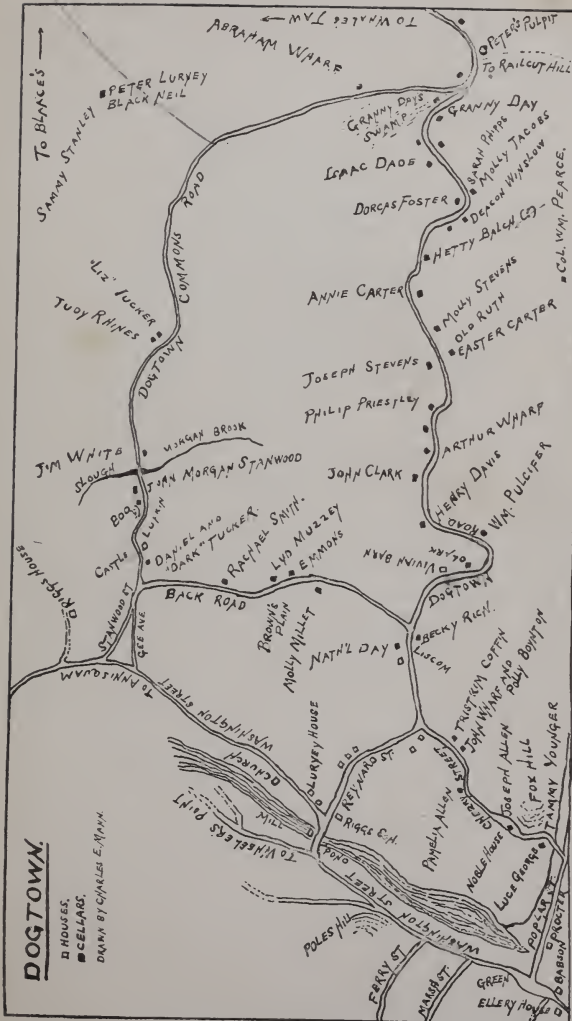
---

GLOUCESTER, MASS.  
THE PROCTER BROS. CO., PUBLISHERS  
108 MAIN STREET



# DOGTOWN.

- HOUSES.
- CELLARS.
- DEATH OF CHARLES E. MANN.









## PREFATORY NOTE.

THESE Dogtown Sketches were written almost wholly as the result of an effort to satisfy the curiosity of the author as to the history, biography and traditions of the deserted village, their continuation and publication being encouraged by the general attention they commanded. It is not claimed that they are complete, but it is believed they contain far more information than has yet been published concerning their subject. The added matter on "The Beginnings of Dogtown" gives a hitherto overlooked but authentic account of its origin from original records. The writer desires to express his deep sense of obligation to those who, before the publication of the matter originally prepared, and since, have assist-

ed by furnishing facts and reminiscences. They made it possible to get together a mass of authentic history, where at first it seemed that at best, only a few traditions were to be rescued from oblivion. Of course nearly all the material was in the memories of Cape Ann's aged people, and it has been a source of unalloyed pleasure to sit by them and listen to their discourses upon the days of long ago. Among the precious memories of a year are those of many an hour spent in ancient kitchens, while sweet-faced old ladies, often with sweeter voices, or men with whitened locks and time-furrowed cheeks, recalled the stories told them by the fireside by other dear old women and noble old men of a past century. No wonder Gloucester has developed into such an admirable and lovable a community, when there still lingers among her people so many of their honored progenitors.





## CHAPTER I.

### WHERE IS DOGTOWN?

EVER since Goldsmith wrote his "Deserted Village" there has been a weird, poetic and sentimental charm about abandoned settlements, that has so exerted itself over some minds that it has become a pleasure to make the investigations incident to a correct understanding of what manner of men found it convenient or necessary to build habitations which it afterwards became advisable to desert. Archæologists have given lifetimes, almost, to the investigation of the modes of life of the cliff dwellers of

Arizona and New Mexico. There are comparatively few ruined cities in America; and even more rare are the instances of deserted villages which were once inhabited by white men, the progenitors of people who are living to-day. It has been the pleasure of the writer during the past few years to acquaint many people with their ancestors, in a figurative sense, for in the heart of Cape Ann may be found the remains of a village which was once inhabited by the grandparents or more distant progenitors of many who are to-day active in the affairs of Gloucester and Rockport. Since the first edition of this volume appeared the writer has published in the Gloucester "Times" many columns of the genealogy of Dogtown, showing the lines of descent referred to—more particularly of the Day, Stanwood and Lane families.

To-day the only inhabitants of "Dogtown" are lowing kine, an occasional decrepit horse turned out to pasture as a pensioner, or woodchucks, crows and migrating birds. Its grass-grown streets are there, and its foot-worn door-stones may be used for resting-places by the occasional summer tourist on a tramp across the cape, a curiosity seeking Appalachian, or by the more numerous berry pickers. The cleared land in the midst of such a waste of rocks, as is the rule in Dogtown Commons, always leads to

•

speculation; even more suggestive are the walled yards and the many cellars, both of houses and farm buildings.

Concerning these old cellars novelists have woven their romances, and poets have sung. Nearly a half-century ago they excited the interest of Richard Henry Dana and Thomas Starr King, and the circle of rare minds these men drew to Cape Ann with them. Long afterwards, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in one of those delightful bits of reminiscence scattered through "Oldport Days," described a walk to Dogtown Commons from Pigeon Cove:

"What can Hawthorne mean by saying in his English diary that 'an American would never understand the passage in Bunyan about Christian and Hopeful going astray along by a by-path into the grounds of Giant Despair, from there being no stiles and by-paths in our country'? So much of the charm of American pedestrianism lies in the by-paths: For instance, the whole interior of Cape Ann, beyond Gloucester, is a continuous woodland, with granite ledges everywhere cropping out, around which the high-road winds, following the curving and indented line of the sea, and dotted here and there with fishing hamlets. This whole interior is traversed by a network of foot-paths, rarely passable for a wagon,

and not always for a horse, but enabling the pedestrian to go from any one of the villages to any other, in a line almost direct, and always under an agreeable shade. By the longest of these hidden ways, one may go from Pigeon Cove to Gloucester, ten miles, without seeing a public road. In the little inn at the former village there used to hang an old map of this whole forest region,<sup>1</sup> giving a chart of some of these paths, which were said to date back to the first settlement of the country. One of them, for instance, was called on the map 'Old road from Sandy Bay to 'Squam Meeting-House through the woods'; but the road is now scarcely even a bridle-path, and the most faithful worshipper could not seek 'Squam meeting-house in the family chaise. These woods have been lately devastated; but when I first knew the region, it was as good as any German forest. Often we stepped from the edge of the sea into some gap in the woods; there seemed hardly more than a rabbit-track, yet presently we met some wayfarer who had crossed the Cape by it.

"A piney dell gave some vista of the broad sea we were leaving, and an opening in the woods displayed another blue sea-line before; the encountering breezes

---

<sup>1</sup> This is a reference to the "Mason" map of Cape Ann. A copy of it hangs at the present time in the office of the city clerk of Gloucester.

interchanged odors of berry bushes and scent of brine ; penetrating further among oaks and walnuts we came upon some little cottage, quaint and sheltered as any Spenser drew ; it was not built on the high-road, and turned its vine-clad gable away from even the foot-path. Then the ground rose and other breezes came ; perhaps we climbed trees to look for landmarks, and found only an unseen quarry. Three miles inland, as I remember, we found the hearthstones of a vanished settlement ; then we passed a swamp with cardinal flowers ; then a cathedral of noble pines, topped with crows' nests. If we had not gone astray, by this time we would have presently emerged on Dogtown Common, an elevated tableland, overspread with great boulders as with houses, and encircled with a girdle of green woods and another girdle of blue sea. I know of nothing like that gray waste of boulders ; it is a natural Salisbury plain, of which icebergs and ocean currents were the Druidic builders ; in that multitude of couchant monsters there seems a sense of suspended life ; you feel as if they must speak and answer to each other in the silent nights, but by day only the wandering sea-birds seek them, on their way across the Cape, and the sweet-bay and green fern imbed them in a softer and deeper setting as the years go by. This is the 'height of ground' of that wild

foot-path ; but as you recede farther from the outer ocean and approach Gloucester, you come among still wilder ledges, unsafe without a guide, and you find in one place a cluster of deserted houses, too difficult of access to remove even their materials, so that they are left to moulder alone. I used to wander in those woods, summer after summer, till I had made my own chart of their devious tracks, and now when I close my eyes in this Oldport midsummer, the soft Italian air takes on something of a Scandinavian vigor ; for the incessant roll of carriages I hear the tinkle of the quarryman's hammer and the veery's song ; and I long for those perfumed and breezy pastures, and for those promontories of granite where the fresh water is nectar and the salt sea has a regal blue."

Col. Higginson hints in the above passage at many of the topographical and geographical features of the Heart of Cape Ann. The old road from Sandy Bay to 'Squam is what is now known as Revere street. He draws the line between Dogtown village and Dogtown Commons with as much care as the most particular old-timer could wish. He also mentions Lamb or Raccoon ledge, it is difficult to say which.

Dogtown is a pathetic, fascinating place. Why did more than one hundred families exile themselves from the life of the villages so near them, and dwell in lone-



liness and often in poverty, in this barren and secluded spot? The name "Dogtown," it is well understood, came from the canines kept by the so-called "widows" of the place, when the evil days came that saw their natural protectors either in their graves or buried beneath the ocean. "Commons" of course suggests the days when the "Commoners" still controlled the allotment of the common lands, of which these pastures appear to have been the last.

There are many approaches to Dogtown. I have quoted Col. Higginson's description of the route from Pigeon Cove, by way of the old road from Sandy Bay to the 'Squam church, which is still passable. Coming from 'Squam, one may leave the church, walk a mile through the same road, past the Cape Ann Granite Co.'s quarries, the road passing through the upper end of one, to the house of David Dennison, an ancient gambrel-roofed lean-to, built by Mr. Dennison's first ancestor on Cape Ann, and a fine sample of the better class of the Dogtown homes. From here he can branch off to the right, by the Whale's Jaw, and thence to the deserted village. The road by Goose Cove, near Riverdale, leads to the same point, the Whale's Jaw, a great boulder split by lightning, or more probably by frost, to resemble the open jaws of a whale. Gee avenue and Stanwood street,



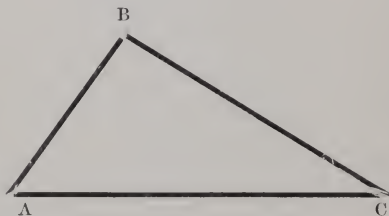
"WHALE'S JAW."

in Riverdale, lead past the cellar of Judith Ryon (or "Judy Rhines,") to that of Abraham Wharf, and thence to the main street of the village.

Persons coming from East Gloucester may, if they are strong on their feet, go up Webster street and enter the pastures by crossing Lamb Ledge—no small task, for it is one of the most wonderful terminal moraines in New England, the boulders being piled one upon another in the most orderly confusion until they reach the level of the Commons from the deep valley into which some glacier swept them ages ago. It is a good hour's stint to cross the ledge, and then one passes by Railcut Hill, the highest point on the outer Cape, to the old Rockport road, another picturesque and grass-grown highway of olden times, and enters the Pigeon Cove or "Parting Path," which continues by the Whale's Jaw, at the clearing once occupied by James Witham, son of Thomas and grandson of Henry, the first of the line in this country.

Witham was born in 1693, and built this house at what is known as Stacy's Pines, the location bearing for 150 years, as ancient records show, the suggestive title of the "Parting Path." He engaged in tending flocks for the Low family, for \$300 annually, his son Thomas succeeding him in his work. Only the cellar of the house remains. It was in later years, until

its demolition, a “great resort for young people for mirth and jollity.” The path continues across the valley in which the Gloucester Branch of the Boston & Maine railroad runs, which bears the marks of the tides on its sentinel ledges—showing that once they flowed through here from Good Harbor or Long Beach to the ’Squam river—and thence to a big rock, which in the distance looks like a pitch-roofed house, which stands directly on the Dogtown road, near the end of the main settlement. The following diagram may give a clearer idea of the foregoing :



The straight lines in the triangle represent the general direction of three very crooked roads. A is the point on Dogtown road, beyond the intersection of Reynard and Cherry streets, where the road from B meets it. From A the Dogtown road continues up what old residents of Riverdale call “Gravel hill,” past the Vivian barn, and on to the rock already referred to at C. It then winds on to the Whale’s Jaw.

Opposite A is the site of the Nathaniel Day house; B is the point where Gee avenue and Stanwood street meet. The grass-grown road from B to C is the "Dogtown Commons road," that is, it is the road over the Commons to Dogtown. That from A to C is the "Dogtown road," and that from A to B is paradoxically called the "back road," though it is nearer civilization than either of the others. Were a prize of \$50 to be offered a person who would start from A, go to B, thence to C and back to A without getting off the road, he probably never would receive it. I have been over it many times, and never failed to get lost for a few moments at least. Perhaps the spirit of Peg Wesson, who did not live in Dogtown, of Luce George, or of Judy Rhines, if Judy really was a witch, has bewitched me for the contemplated sacrilege of writing them up. All the old maps indicate that the village road and Commons road were parallel and did not quite intersect at "C."

Practically all the old people agree in calling the roads by the names I have given. The Commons road is also sometimes called the "walled-in" road, as the walls occasionally cross it. Old people do not consider the cellars on the latter road—of Morgan Stanwood, Judy Rhines, Moll Jacobs and others—as in "Dogtown;" they are on the "Commons." The

reader will probably be incapable of drawing so fine a distinction. There are obvious reasons why people who lived on the Commons road should have chosen to do so, although their own thoroughfare became finally the home of Judy Rhines, Molly Jacobs and Sarah Phipps.





## CHAPTER II.

### THE “QUEEN OF THE WITCHES.”

THE most natural, because the most interesting approach to the village, is by its outpost, the cellar of “Tammy” Younger, the “queen of the witches,” at Fox Hill. She was more often seen by the predecessors of this generation on Cape Ann, was better known, and far more respected and feared than any of her confreres. Perhaps the reader will be better able to judge whether the title bestowed on Tammy for two or three generations was deserved, after a careful perusal of this chapter. It is possible that after reading it he may be disposed to transfer the honor to her aunt, the redoubtable “Luce George.”

Coming from the Harbor village of Gloucester, through Maplewood avenue, one reaches Poplar street, and after turning to the left, soon reaches the bridge at Alewife brook. Beneath a solitary poplar, on a little rise of ground, is the cellar of Tammy Younger. An apple orchard stands near. The cellar has been cleared recently of a growth of sumacs which nearly obscured it. Thomazine Younger was born July 28, 1753, and was the daughter of William Younger, sojourner, and Lucy Foster, who were married on March 6, 1750, by Rev. John White, pastor of the First Church, of whom much may be learned in the second part of this book.

A recent writer claims that this house was in later years the resort of buccaneers and lawless men. Fortune telling, card playing and other amusements whiled away their time. Money was found in the cellar after Tammy's death. These assertions are denied by members of her family who still remain, and apparently with good reason.

A friend of the writer was, a few years since, chasing a woodchuck, which went into the cellar. In digging for the animal he unearthed a handsomely ornamented snuff box, the cover bearing a representation of a full rigged ship. It was probably Tammy's, as she is said to have been a snuff taker as well



as smoker, but it has been credited to a possibly mythical British sea captain who was wont to visit the house.

Mr. John Low Babson, long one of Gloucester's oldest residents, told me that in the early twilight of an autumnal evening he was going from Fresh Water Cove to his home, still standing near the Green in the "up in town" village, and had to pass through the burying ground near the bridge. A man was digging a grave. "Who is that for?" he asked. "Tammy Younger," the sexton replied. "Is she dead?" was young Babson's surprised query. "We don't very often dig graves for folks that aint dead," was the testy response. Mr. Babson gave a good illustration of the prevalent impressions concerning Tammy, in a reminiscence of his boyhood. He was driving home the cows, past her dwelling, when she came to the door and accosted him, begging him, with strong expletives, if he loved her life, to get her a pail of water. He got it, of course, from the brook behind the cabin. No one ever refused Tammy.

Mrs. Elizabeth Day, of Wheeler's Point, informed me that Tammy died Feb. 4, 1829. She was therefore 76 years old. Mrs. Day's father, John Hodgkins, was a cabinet maker, who lived in the house just above the railroad track, on Washington street.

Elizabeth was a child of ten years. For two or three years Tammy, who often saw her, had taken a fancy to her, and would often ask her to come and live with her at Fox Hill, as she was lonely. Tammy used to make butter and carry it to the Harbor to sell, and whenever she passed along other members of the family would say, "Here comes Aunt Tam to take you up to her house with her." The little girl's heart was thus constantly terrorized with the thought that Tammy would some time capture her, and her feelings may well be imagined when on that stormy winter day word came that Tammy was dead and that Mr. Hodgkins must make her coffin.

Old Mrs. Pulcifer, whose daughter recently died at a great age, had attended Tammy in her last sickness, and Oliver, Tammy's nephew, who was brought up by her, had deferred to Mrs. Pulcifer's advice as to the funeral arrangements. He said he wanted to do everything that could be done to have things nice, so when advised to have as good a coffin as could be made, with a pure silver plate, he at once ordered it. It was of course thought the thing in those days to have "spirit" on funeral occasions, and in deference to Mrs. Pulcifer's opinion, he ordered no rum, or other cheap liquors, but cordials, wines, and other of the better class of beverages. Mrs. Pulcifer is

remembered to have said afterward that her only regret was that she had not ordered the church bells tolled for Tammy, as she was sure it would have been done.

But to return to Mr. Hodgkins and Tammy's coffin. All that rainy day he toiled upon it, and toward night it was ready for polishing. He had a large kitchen, and it was his custom when polishing coffins to bring them into that room, where he had a better chance to work. The children were therefore used to seeing them. But on this particular night the storm was so severe that he did not care to risk spoiling his work by taking it back to the shop, so after rubbing it down with beeswax he stood it up in the corner, blew out his candle and said nothing.

Soon bedtime came. The children, sitting by the comfortable open fire in the adjoining room, were warned by their mother to retire: "Come John, it's time for you and Elizabeth to go to bed." John took a candle, and started. It was necessary to go through the kitchen in order to reach the chambers above. As he opened the door, the light of his candle fell on the shiny coffin in the corner. Other people might not believe Tammy was a witch; on that night John was sure she was both a witch and a ghost. He began to whimper, "I won't go to bed with Aunt Tam

Younger's coffin in the house," said he. As he drew back, Elizabeth bravely stepped into the breach, but one sight of the coffin was enough, and she too, became panicky, and declared that there was no sleep for her if that coffin was to remain. Mother impatiently got up, and boldly threw the door wide open. She was never known to be afraid of anything, but a look unnerved her also, and she joined with the children and said she would never go to bed with that thing there. In vain the father said the rain would spoil it; it was three against one. "Spoil it or not," said the good housewife, "I won't stay in the house with it." So "pa" gave in, got a quilt, wrapped it up, and bore it through the storm to the shop.



Tammy had a square window in the rear of her house, with a wooden door. This was kept shut, there being a long string attached to it, by which Tammy could open it at will. The sound of a team crossing the bridge over the brook was usually a signal for Tammy to swing open the shutter and boldly communicate with the driver. A footstep on

the bridge, also, would serve to open the window. If Tammy asked for a mackerel or any other thing she saw in the hand or the team of a passer-by, she usually got it, or the unlucky traveller got a piece of her mind. On one autumn day a luckless youth passing noticed a big pile of pumpkins sunning against the rear of the house. Crossing the lot to avoid the steep hill, as many do to-day, he thoughtlessly pulled out one, low down in the pile. The effect was unexpected, for at once the whole collection coasted down the hill into the brook. Tammy's window flew open. A torrent of vocal pyrotechnics accompanied the hours of labor that followed, as that unhappy boy fished out the pumpkins, and toiled back and forth up the hill until they were piled up again.

As is well known, a good deal of the land on Dogtown Commons is in the hands of the Younger family. I have said that Oliver Younger was brought up by his aunt, and it seems that he was unaware of the fact that the land belonged to his father and not to her. Many years after his father's death, he was remarking to one of the Allens, a neighbor, what a care his aunt's land was to him, and Allen responded, "Well, it's all yours, anyway. Your father willed it to you, for I signed the will as one of the witnesses." This was news to Oliver, but acting on the hint given

he waited an opportunity when Tammy was away, and then ransacked the house. In the secret drawer of a small table, he found the will. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been outlawed, but as this was the first knowledge anyone had of its existence it was admitted to probate.



While Tammy Younger won for herself a reputation as a woman with a very choice vocabulary, especially in the line of invective, she evidently was "not as bad as she has been painted," as Mr. Benjamin P. Kidder of Rockport has said, and his testimony is confirmed by Miss Betsy Elwell, an aged woman who remembers her well, as also by Mrs. Almira Riggs, but recently deceased. The truth seems to be that Tammy had an aunt, known by the name of "Luce (Lucy) George." She it was who originally lived in the Fox Hill House, and who used

to stand at the door of her cabin and bewitch the oxen so that they would stand with their tongues run out, but could not come up the hill until some of the corn they drew was contributed to her. She, like Peg Wesson, is said to have had the art of so bewitching a load of wood that it would not stay on the ox team until a portion had been unloaded at her door. It is said she would go to the wharves, when the fishing vessels came in, and exact her tribute of fish. Of course these are traditions, but I give them for what they are worth to credulous minds. Tammy Younger lived with her aunt. Hence the confusion of the two. Tammy was not tall and raw-boned, as some have alleged, but short and inclined to plumpness.

At one time in her life, she decided to part with two rather long teeth that decorated each side of her upper jaw. They were not as long as Black "Neill's," which one old lady insists were fully an inch in length, nor as long as "Judy Rhines'", but they were troublesome, so she sent for "Granthier Stannard" to act in the capacity of dentist. This must have been before the old gentleman became convinced that his legs were made of glass, and refused to use them, for he went over from his house on the "walled-in way." Tammy seated herself in a chair, and Capt. Stanwood took a firm hold with his nippers and soon a tooth

gave way. Being a joker, he only drew it partly down, where it rested in plain sight, against her under lip. He then drew down the other to exactly the same length, and immediately afterwards announced, that owing to the obstinacy of the teeth, he could do no more for her. The pen refuses to record the torrent of picturesque language which history alleges was poured upon "Johnny Morgan's" luckless head. After worrying her awhile, the teeth were taken out.







### CHAPTER III.

FROM FOX HILL OVER THE BACK ROAD.

NOTWITHSTANDING the various theories which have been brought forward to explain the original peopling of Dogtown and its mysterious decline, the writer believes it may all be traced to a circumstance which is in no sense mysterious, but on the contrary, just what might have been expected. This circumstance was the building of the bridge at Riverdale and the Goose Cove Dam, each making it possible to construct the road on the easterly side of the mill pond, and making what had been the road from Annisquam to the harbor a "back road." It is true the ancient map of the first parish made in 1741 or '42 does not show the back road as complete to the

“Castle,” but its present condition shows that it must have been extended in time, while Reynard street, leading to it, is one of Gloucester’s oldest roads.

The reader can easily imagine the condition of affairs when the road from the Green northerly led only to Wheeler’s Point. Then he must start from the Green through what is now Poplar street, turn up over Fox Hill, and wind down to Gravel Hill and across the moor to the vicinity of the Castle, and thence make his way over the hill by the Riggs house and around Goose Cove.

It will thus be seen that the central village of Dogtown was but a very short distance from the main road, while what is now Riverdale village is quite a distance from it. As old people tell us, it was then “going up into the city” to go to Dogtown. There was nothing singular at all that under those conditions—combined with the circumstance that the only land left for many Cape Anners in the last distribution of the common lands (made in 1719) was in this vicinity—Dogtown should have thriven, and that when the building of both bridge and dam occurred, and the whole tide of travel left this road and went around the other way, Dogtown languished and died. It was something like a boom city in the West, which perishes when the railroad goes elsewhere.

The facts that have been stated, then gave the home of Luce George and Tammy Younger importance, for almost everybody had to pass it.

Just beyond the cellar of Tammy Younger, after the turn in the road which brings one in sight of Riverdale, is the cellar of the first blacksmith in town, lying beside the travelled road, but still in the roadway. Here stood the shop of Joseph Allen, who came to Gloucester in 1674, being encouraged to settle by grants of land and a common right. He had two wives and seventeen children. One of the children, also named Joseph, became very wealthy, his home being on Poplar street, near the house so long occupied by Mr. Joseph A. Procter.

I think the blacksmith shop must have stood by the cellar, and the cellar have been that of the house, built by Allen (and occupied later by William Stevens, whose father married Anna Allen, Joseph's daughter), but known within the memory of persons now living as the "Noble" house, the Nobles being ancestors of numerous Riverdale people. At the corner of Reynard street is a house long occupied by William Carter, son of William and Annie Carter of Dogtown village, who married Rachel Noble.

The white cottage facing up the road immediately beyond is on the site of another old mansion which

was standing before the back road became disused, Aunt Pamela Allen being its occupant. Where the Tracy greenhouses are now located, opposite, was the home of John Wharf. When he died it became the property of his daughter "Poll," or Polly Boynton. Her son sold it to the elder Tracy, who tore it down. Mrs. Boynton later married Oliver Younger. She was thus the ancestor of many of the Boyntons and Youngers of to-day.

Immediately adjoining the Wharf house was the Tristram Coffin house, remembered by many old people. Becky Rich lived where the piggery, at the foot of gravel hill, is, or was recently, located. She, like many others of the Dogtown fraternity, told fortunes by means of coffee grounds. Mrs. Day after she was married, recalled going over to Aunt Rich's and having her tell of her beau "clear across the water." She says Aunt Becky was a nice old woman, but that little reliance was placed in her forecasts.

Opposite the home of Becky Rich was the house of Nathaniel Day. He was the grandson of Anthony Day, the emigrant, and married Mary Davis. He was the father of seventeen children, among them three pairs of twins. A son, Isaac, was gunner on the frigate Constitution, now being reconstructed at Charlestown. A man named John Liscomb at one

time lived in one side of this old Day house. The late Eben Day, of Reynard street, as well as his brother, was born in this house, and played about the streets of Dogtown in their boyhood. It stood just beyond the barn, which is now there. The cellar has long been filled up. Liscom, referred to above, was generally called "Liscom John." Once he overheard the remark: "Liscom John spilt all of 'Squam"; and he quickly retorted:

" If they're all as bad as you,  
'Twas more than Liscom John could do."

At Brown's Plain, half way over the back road toward the Castle, lived Molly Millett. Later she lived at the Harbor on Back street, where Mr. Day recalled seeing her after she had become insane, fastened in her room with a clothes-stick. Next on the left was the house of a man named Emmons. Near the bars on the right hand side, as one turns in from Cherry street, lived Lyd Muzzy.

At one time in her life Aunt Rachel Smith, daughter of Becky Rich, lived in the Castle. Later she lived in the house a little further on the back road from Molly Millett's. It was upon the hill, and the cellar remains. Then with her mother she went to Dogtown street, and lived in the Easter Carter house. After that she returned to the house on the hill. Here

her son, Jack Bishop Smith, killed himself, and Aunt Rachel's sorrow over her loss is still vividly recalled.

"Aunt Smith" used to make a "dire drink," brewed from foxberry leaves, spruce tops, and other botanical specimens, which she was wont to peddle in the village, saying as she entered a house, "Now, ducky, I've come down to bring a dire drink, for I know you feel springish."

There were never many houses along this portion of the back road. Between the point where it met the Dogtown Commons road and the Castle stood the house of old Uncle Daniel Tucker, whose daughter Dorcas—"Dark Tucker," as she was called—nursed Judith Ryon in her last sickness. The Tucker house is still standing, a typical Dogtown dwelling, near the Castle on the Riverdale side and facing the back road. "Dark" Tucker was named for her great grandmother, Dorcas Lane.

It has always seemed to me that this back road more closely resembles the Scottish moors, as we read of them, than any portion of the Commons. About half way across to the Dogtown road formerly stood three houses in a row, while another stood on the opposite side. These houses were located where the boys now play ball,—“Brown's Plain,” as it is called.



## CHAPTER IV.

### IN DOGTOWN VILLAGE.

**I**T is quite a little walk from the house of Becky Rich, on the back road, up gravel hill, to the Vivian barn. This barn is a landmark, and here lived, in 1741, a man named Benjamin Newcomb, of whom nothing is known. When one reaches this point he is quite ready to enjoy the historic spots that lie before him. A few rods beyond the barn the road makes an abrupt turn and almost winds back upon itself. Just at this turn, on the right, is a split ledge, making a break in the stone wall that outlines the road. Into this crack in the ledge, a few years since, a misguided cow wandered. No human ingenuity was capable of getting her out alive. Directly

opposite is the site of the home of Joseph Clark, Jr. The cellar on the left, beyond the barn, which looks so much like a pile of rocks in a hollow, is that of Henry Davis. It is directly in the road, the yard not being walled.

The road, which has descended from the Vivian barn to this place, here begins to rise, and when it reaches a point a few rods further, where a fine view of Ipswich Bay, the Newburyport shore, and the West Gloucester hills is obtainable, the most celebrated cellar of Dogtown is seen. This is the reputed home of John Morgan Stanwood, who was many years ago made immortal by the muse of Hiram Rich in the pages of the *Atlantic*. It may be well for one to seat himself on the moss-covered door-stone and recall the lines :

“ Morgan Stanwood, patriot :  
    Little more is known ;  
Nothing of his home is left  
    But the door-step stone.

“ Morgan Stanwood, to our thought  
    You return once more ;  
Once again the meadows lift  
    Daisies to your door.

“ Once again the morn is sweet,  
    Half the hay is down :—  
Hark ! what means that sudden clang  
    From the distant town ?



“ Larum bell and rolling drum  
    Answer sea-borne guns;  
Larum bell and rolling drum  
    Summon Freedom’s sons.

“ And the mower thinks to him  
    Cry both bell and drum,  
‘ Morgan Stanwood, where art thou?  
    Here th’ invaders come.’

“ Morgan Stanwood needs no more  
    Bell and drum beat call;  
He is one who, hearing once,  
    Answers once for all.

“ Ne’er the mower murmured then,  
    ‘ Half my grass is mown,  
Homespun isn’t soldier wear,  
    Each may save his own.’

“ Fallen scythe and aftermath  
    Lie forgotten now;  
Winter needs may come and find  
    But a barren mow.

“ Down the musket comes. ‘ Good wife—  
    Wife, a quicker flint!’  
And the face that questions face  
    Hath no color in ’t.

“ ‘ Wife, if I am late to-night,  
    Milk-the heifer first;  
Ruth, if I’m not home at all,  
    Worst has come to worst!’

“ Morgan Stanwood sped along,  
    Not the common road;  
Over wall and hill-top straight,  
    Straight for death, he strode;

“ Leaving her to hear at night  
Tread of burdened men,  
By the gate and through the gate,  
At the door and then—

“ Ever after that to hear,  
When the grass is sweet,  
Through the gate and through the night,  
Slowly coming feet.

“ Morgan Stanwood's roof is gone ;  
Here the door-step lies ;



One may stand and think and think,—  
For the thought will rise,

“ Were we where the meadow was,  
Mowing grass alone,  
Would we go the way he went,  
From this very stone?

“ Were we on the door-step here,  
Parting for a day,  
Would we utter words as though  
Parting were for aye?

“ Would we? Heart, the hearth is dear,  
Meadow-math is sweet;  
Parting be as parting may,  
After all, we meet.”

John Morgan Stanwood was the son of Nehemiah and Ruth (Morgan) Stanwood. The parish records show that he was baptized August 7, 1774. The poem, therefore could not refer to a Revolutionary experience. He died October 30, 1852, aged 78. These dates so perplexed me, notwithstanding the tradition that Stanwood came back from the war a cripple, and the further fact that the children of Mrs. Dade, once a resident of the village, had handed down her stories of the exploits of “Morgan Stanwood,” that I asked Mr. Rich his authority for the poem. He candidly confessed that although he wrote the lines with the full belief that Morgan Stanwood was the hero of the Rowe’s Bank fight, Mr. Babson, the historian, later convinced him that Peter Lurvey, of Dogtown Commons, and not Stanwood, was the man who should have been immortalized.

It is quite evident, also, that Stanwood did not live in the house with the “door-step stone,” for this is the cellar of John Clark, who resided there within the memory of men now living, and of his grandfather, Joseph Clark, Sr. This house, like most of

those remaining in the early part of the century, was a small structure, perhaps 15x35, standing side to the road, with a door in the middle, and with an ordinary pitched roof. The cellars, which are generally 15 feet square, were under only one end of the houses. The Clark house became so decrepit that it was torn down in 1820. Clark must have died a short time before this date, and his wife and children removed to the Harbor. His daughter Naomi married Philip Priestly.

The next cellar on the left of the road, marked by a barberry bush, is that of this Philip Priestly, who is remembered as a hearty old man of 70, climbing a locust tree to view the festivities of the Harrison hard cider campaign in 1840. Nathaniel Babson, who helped tear down the Clark house, was formerly engaged in the freighting business from Gloucester to Boston, and Priestly was one his crew. Several persons who were born in this house, I am told, are still living. Priestly died Nov. 27, 1845, of consumption, at the age of 75.

Philip Priestly was the father of quite a family of children. One of these was Philip Priestly, well remembered in Gloucester, another was Mrs. Hannah Curtis; Eliza, who married Joseph Greenleaf; Ann, who married a Smith; and Jane. Philip's wife was

Naomi Clark, as stated above. William Wilson, who married Sally Stevens, lived in the Priestly house two generations ago, and here were born John J. Wilson and three other children. One, Annie, married William H. Friend. These are well known and honored Gloucester names.

Opposite John Clark's house, already mentioned, was the home of William Pulcifer. Between Clark's and Philip Priestléy's are two cellars, which some have incorrectly assumed were of farm buildings. One cellar is that of Arthur Wharf, son, probably, of Abraham, the suicide.

A large yard, enclosed by a stone wall, marks the site of the next house. Here lived Joseph Stevens, one of the most enterprising of the farmers of the village. I judge him to be the son of another Joseph, from the record of his baptism, Aug. 17, 1763, and have little doubt of his descent from Joseph Allen, as already stated. There is a large collection of foundation stones at this point, showing the location of the barn, with a passage leading to it from the house, the big shed for wagons, and the sheep pen. He kept more stock than any other man in the settlement. He laid claim to more land than any of his neighbors, and kept a good team, which was often in

demand. His character is not highly spoken of, however, by those who recall him.

I am told by old residents of Riverdale that they well remember when the children of Joseph Stevens used to go to school in the old schoolhouse by the mill.

Directly opposite Stevens' house, on a knoll, stood the house of perhaps the most celebrated character in the village, Esther (or as she was commonly called, "Easter") Carter. No cellar marks the spot, as there was none under it. It was the only two-story house standing in Dogtown proper, within the memory of any one now living. It was clapboarded, and the boards were fastened on with wooden pegs. A man who helped pull down the structure tells me he kept a number of the pegs as souvenirs for quite a while. Easter Carter was living in 1833. She was very poor, and it was a common custom for the young people of Riverdale and Annisquam to make excursions to her house, taking their lunches, and getting her to boil cabbage for them. The "cabbage dinner" partaken in picnic style, is still one of the popular institutions of Cape Ann. Easter Carter would tell the fortunes of the young people, doubtless linking their lives together in their forecasts in a way acceptable to the romantic. The walk home in the moon-

light would be something to remember, as those Appalachians who have crossed the weird Dogtown pastures by moonlight in later years can testify. One staid old citizen recently informed me he had "often been up there with a parcel of girls."

Easter Carter was poor, but quite respectable, and undeserving of the distinction which classes her with other Dogtown dames of doubtful reputation. She was a single woman, and though pinched by poverty, very aristocratic. She did not like to have people think she, like some of her neighbors, subsisted on berries in the summer time. "I eats no trash," she remarked to a suggestion at one time. One bright Sunday afternoon the parents of David Dennison, with their small boy, went on a walk to the pastures, turning in by Easter Carter's house. He remembers that as they passed, she, divining that they were to pluck berries as refreshment, remarked, "The berries seem to hide this year."

Easter Carter was noted as a nurse. It was thought by the venerable Eli Morgan of Lanesville that Easter and her brother William came here from England, thus accounting for the silence of the town and parish records concerning them. A John Carter, apparently her father, who married Jane Day, came to Cape Ann from England about 1741, as related elsewhere.



A TYPICAL DOGTOWN HOUSE.



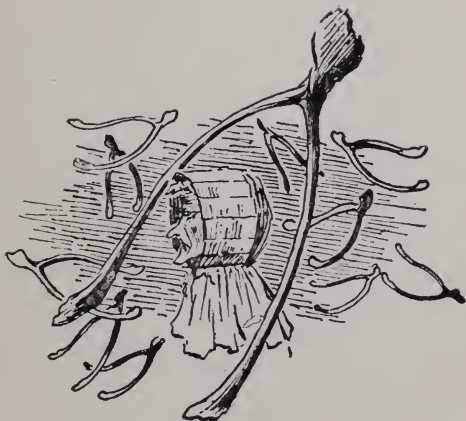
He says Joseph, a son of William and Annie, lived a long time in Lanesville.

I have said that Easter Carter was perfectly respectable as well as aristocratic, and this character may to some have seemed incompatible with other statements. I have been somewhat mystified about it myself. The truth seems to be that when Easter Carter left the place, and the house of Becky Rich on the back road became too dilapidated for occupancy, she was taken up, bag and baggage, and installed in Easter's house. Becky had a daughter, Rachel, widow of Thomas Smith, who went with her. It appears that the woman who told fortunes, boiled cabbage, baked Johnny cake, and made life merry for all the youth who visited her, was not Easter Carter, nor Becky Rich, but Rachel Smith. I am very positive that some old men I have talked with who as youths used to go up to Granny Rich's, confused her name with that of Easter Carter because of the house. But while it was admitted that many of the scenes of festivity connected with it occurred when Becky Rich lived there, it was insisted by people who must have known because they were there, that Easter, too, was wont to entertain the young people in it. At one time a party of young people collected a lot of wall paper—each bringing any

pieces they had on hand—and went up and papered Easter's premises, the harlequin effect being quite pleasing to her, apparently. Easter left the house in her old age and was taken to the house of "Barberry" Wharf, in the old Proprietor's school house, on School street, where, tradition says, she was killed by kindness. Rachel Smith spent her last days in the Castle, which still stands near the "back road," her funeral being attended by the noted author, Rev. Z. A. Mudge, who preached in Riverdale, 1842-3.

Dogtown people had, as a rule, little use for but one story of a dwelling, and perhaps that was the reason that the upper floor of Easter's house was occupied by one of the most singular characters of the village. This was "Old Ruth." She was a mulatto, and doubtless was one of the manumitted slaves that abounded in Gloucester early in the century.





## CHAPTER V.

### “OLD RUTH AND GRANNY DAY.”

THE old Ellery House, near the Green, formerly the parsonage of the first parish church, which stood behind it on the Green, and one of the finest samples of provincial or colonial architecture in existence in New England, at one time had, if it does not have to-day, a slave pen under its roof. In the fine old gambrel-roofed mansion owned by Gustavus Babson, across the highway from the Ellery house, there is another. To whom “Old Ruth” belonged I

cannot find out. She went by the name of "Tie," and also was known as "John Woodman."

The masculine cognomen fitted her better than the gentle name of Ruth, for until the closing days of her life she was never known to dress in feminine apparel. Perhaps she was the original "new woman." She was accustomed to doing a man's work, and dressed in men's clothing. Building stone walls and such heavy toil were her chief employments. She used to say that she worked out of doors when she was young because she had to do it, and that she wore men's clothing for the same reason, until she came to prefer it. When she was taken to the poor-house, she was obliged to conform to the customs of civilization and put on skirts. A ledge beyond Easter Carter's still bears the name, "Ruth's Ledge," in her honor.

In a small hut in the same enclosure with Easter Carter's house lived Molly Stevens, old "Joe Stevens'" sister. No one keeps her memory green. She must have made life very unhappy for the gentle Easter, unless history is at fault.

Directly beyond this site, a pair of bars opening into the yard, and a big boulder standing as a sentinel in front, is the cellar of Annie Carter, wife of William, Easter Carter's brother, a record of whose baptism I find in the Fourth Parish, April 1, 1776.

This was the last house taken down in the village. For some reason the place was always known as Annie's. After her death, William, with the children, moved away. Annie was known as "Granny Carter," and is said to have been a "little small woman." Perhaps I ought to say that my lamented friend Eben Day stoutly maintained that this cellar was that of Easter Carter and that Annie lived beyond, the place being marked "Hetty Balch" on the plan. He said old Ruth climbed by outside stairs, which he remembered, to her quarters. John Low Babson and David Dennison are my authorities for a different view.

Two other cellars lie across the road from Annie Carter's, one being that of the house of good Deacon Winslow; and two, together with Joseph Stevens' potato hole, that may deceive the uninitiated, lie between it and the cellar, on a rise of ground, formerly under the house, it is alleged, of Moll Jacobs, where Molly lived before taking up her abode in the Lurvey house, of which we shall speak later.

In an enclosure at this point are a number of small bowlders, marked, "First Attack," etc., that are likely to mystify the visitor. One is marked, "James Merry died, Sept. 10, 1892." Mr. Merry was gored to death by a bull, his dead body being found by the rock

bearing the second inscription. William A. Hodgkins of Riverdale once gave the writer and a party of friends a very graphic description of this tragedy, as they stood at the spot. The marks were placed by Raymond P. Tarr and D. K. Goodwin, about a week after the death of Mr. Merry.

The Fifth Parish records say that "Moley Jakups, daughter of Isack and Molly, was baptized Jan. 31, 1763." Molly and Judy Rhines, with others, seem to have done a great deal to give to Dogtown a reputation which also was undeservedly conferred on Gloucester as a whole, so that the favored residents of Rockport were led for a generation to look down on a native of the larger place. No traditions, except those of a rather unsavory reputation, remain of Molly. Her cellar is the second on the right from a pair of bars, which now crosses the road.

Almost opposite the Jacobs cellar, on the left of the road, and just beyond the bars, is a well marked cellar, said to be all that remains of the home of Dorcas Foster. She was eight years old at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, having been born at the Harbor village. Her father left his family in this house for safety from the British, whom he feared might come and sack the town, and went to the war. George Wonson, who lived with his

grandmother when a boy, recalls many of her stories of life in those troublous times.

Abraham Wharf she always referred to as "Neighbor Wharf," and called his wife "Aunt Wharf." The children used to be sent to the harbor village for supplies, and were accustomed to pay one dollar for a pound of tea, and for other necessary things in proportion. Little Dorcas naturally feared the British, sharing the terror which led to the growth of Dogtown, and one day when she saw seven soldiers, she started to run, without considering whether they were British or Continentals. She was reassured by one of them, who told her not to be frightened, as they would not hurt her. Her experience well illustrates the hardships of those and even later days, suffered by the brave residents of Cape Ann. Ezekiel W. Chard told me that in the embargo times the women of 'Squam would walk as far as Ipswich, going across the beach, to get a half bushel of meal, the distance being twelve miles. In those days it was very rare to get either bread or cake, he said.

Dorcas Foster was three times married, her first husband being an Oakes, the second a Stevens, and the last Capt. Joseph Smith, who commanded a privateer in the war of 1812. George Wonson was a son of Louisa Smith, their daughter. She has many

descendants in Gloucester. Most of her life was spent in the ancient house which until lately stood on the rock at the corner of Prospect and Warner streets, where the home of M. H. Perkins is now located.

Not far beyond the Foster cellar, on the same side of the road, is one which has been for years filled with rocks. It would be unwise to disturb them, for the cellar is the tomb of several horses, which have been shot as a matter of mercy, after having been turned out in the pastures to die. This is all, excepting the well, filled with rocks, near by, that remains of the home of Capt. Isaac Dade. He, too, has descendants both in Gloucester and Rockport.

Mrs. H. G. Wetherbee, his granddaughter, furnished me the following particulars of the life of Isaac Dade:

“Isaac Dade, while a school boy in or near London, England, was impressed on board an English man-of-war. During the Revolution his vessel was anchored off Gloucester, and it became his duty to row one of the officers ashore. While doing so he noticed a fishing vessel ready to sail. As soon as the officer was landed he lost no time getting aboard this vessel. She was bound to Virginia with a cargo of fish. When he reached there he joined the Continental army, and was later in three memorable engage-



ments. He was at Yorktown when Lord Cornwallis surrendered. He was wounded in battle, receiving a sabre cut across the back of his neck, which crippled him for life.

“After the war he married a Southern lady by the name of Fanny Brundle. Her father’s plantation adjoined that of the mother of Washington. She was on intimate terms with the Washingtons, one of her memories being of horse-back rides with Lawrence Washington. Two children were born to the Dades in Virginia. His health began to fail, and Isaac Dade remembered Gloucester, and went there hoping that the change of life would be beneficial—intending to return to Virginia the following autumn. He did not, however, but spent the rest of his life here. He kept a fish market in Gloucester under great disadvantages, as the women preferred to get the fish from the boats as they came in. During his life he received no pension, but after his death one was paid to his widow.”

This story points to the visit of the Falcon, mentioned in connection with Peter Lurvey’s bravery, as the probable time when Isaac Dade decided to make America his home. I have already indicated the probable site of his Dogtown domicile. The theory that he came in the Falcon is strengthened by the

fact that in 1775—the very year of Capt. Lindzee's attack—two vessels were dispatched from Gloucester to Virginia for supplies, owing to the poverty of the people on Cape Ann.

It must have been a great deal of a change to his high-spirited wife to spend her married life in a region so barren, so lonely, as Dogtown; but love for her husband must have sweetened the bitterness, for she was never heard to complain.

Directly beyond this cellar on the left is a swamp, which has for many decades been a slough of despond for cattle and horses. It is always the repository of one or more unfortunates, which have got in but could never get out. This is "Granny Day's swamp." Her cellar is on the opposite side of the road. She was a school teacher, and one of her pupils was Nathaniel Day, the patriarch. Near here is still to be seen Whetstone Rock, a natural curiosity, so hollowed out that it served the purpose indicated.

At this point a path deflects on the left where it soon meets the Dogtown Commons road. The village road abruptly rises to a second pair of bars, and just beyond them on the right is the cellar of a man named Robbins. In front, in the road, are the remains of the watch house, where the men who kept Col. Pearce's sheep, sheltered themselves under the rocks,

now thrown down. Beyond lived a man named Witham, related, of course, to Henry of the "Parting Path," which crosses near. A little beyond is the fine cellar of Col. William Pearce, mentioned in a later chapter. This is the last cellar on the village street.





## CHAPTER VI.

### PETER LURVEY AND "BLACK NEIL."

"When the Beech pastur's covered with snow  
I think 'tis winter fairly;  
When granny puts on her quilted coat  
Then 'tis winter fairly.

"Granny and I and Poll and Neil  
Sat in the room a' spinnin';  
Half the house came tumbling down  
And left the chimney stannin'."

—"Sammy Stanley's Song."

THE only resident of Dogtown mentioned in Babson's History of Gloucester, was Abraham Wharf, who lived in a large gambrel-roofed house near the junction of the two roads of the village, not over two miles from the "Whale's Jaw," and who, according to the historian, lonely and weary, crawled

under a rock near by and committed suicide, in 1814. At that time there were at least six other houses in Dogtown occupied. The last inhabitant of the village was a colored man called "Neil"—his name was Cornelius Finson—who lived on the Commons road, leading from Gee avenue in Riverdale to Dogtown, in the house of Judith Ryon, called by all old-timers, "Judy Rhines." He was a man of intelligence, evidently, for Ezekiel W. Chard remembered him as a clerk for the boat fishers of 'Squam. Others recall him as principally engaged in the more prosaic calling of an executioner of hogs.

He was closely acquainted both with Judy Rhines and Molly Jacobs. He was firmly persuaded that when Molly Jacobs died she left buried treasured in her cellar, and it was with difficulty Judy persuaded him to leave the quite uninhabitable hole. Long after Judy Rhines was dead he lingered around her house, until its walls fell in, when he sought refuge in the cellar. From this, cold, dirty, half-starved, and shaking with the combined infirmity of old age and fright, he was taken on a bitter day in winter, 1830, by Constable William Tucker of Riverdale—the people of that village having complained of the case to the Overseers of the Poor—and carried off to the almshouse. As they passed the store of John Low Bab-

son, near the Poles on Washington street, they stopped and Neil was taken in for a half hour to get warm. Mr. Babson gave him some tobacco. After Neil had gone, Mark Allen, sitting in the store, said, "There, I'll bet he'll be so comfortable at the poor-house that he won't live a week." He was right. Within seven days Neil was dead.

If the reader will now start at either Gee avenue or Stanwood street past the old Langsford house and the "Castle," over the Commons road to the Morgan brook, just beyond the "Castle," and thence follow the road along until, if it is the wet season, he comes to another brook crossing the road on higher ground, he will soon notice at the left what is known as "Beech Pasture." A high hill is in the pasture, from the top of which is obtained a fine view of Annisquam and Ipswich Bay. On this hill, quite a distance from the road, is a cellar. Near it is a lilac bush and also, as in the case of many cellars, a gooseberry bush. This is the site of what, taken all together, is the most famous of the Dogtown houses. With the exception of the Allen-Wharf house, where Abraham Wharf committed suicide, it was the most distant from the parish church, on the green, of any Dogtown house—2 miles, 2 quarters and 7 rods, as ancient records show. First of all, to make it famous, it was the



THE WITCHES' FLIGHT.





home of Peter Lurvey. I have already said that he was the hero of the episode commemorated by Hiram Rich in "Morgan Stanwood." Babson says his father, Peter Lurvey, removed from Ipswich to Gloucester in 1707. In 1710 he married Rachel Elwell, and our Peter was one of eight sons, the elder Peter being ancestor of all the Lurveys in Gloucester.

Peter Lurvey, the Revolutionary patriot, married a sister of Abraham Wharf, who lived in the next house beyond. On August 8, 1775, the British sloop-of-war Falcon, which had assisted in the capture of Bunker Hill, chased a Salem schooner into Gloucester harbor, where she grounded on the flats between Pearce's wharf and Five Pound Island. Capt. Lindzee of the Falcon attempted to board her with several barge loads of marines. The people of Gloucester, an alarm having been given, hauled two swivel guns to a point opposite Vincent's Cove, and with the aid of muskets prevented a capture. Then Lindzee, full of wrath, cannonaded the town (one shot hitting the First Parish Church, where it is now suspended in the vestry) and landed men at Fort Point to fire the village. The firing party were made prisoners, and the boarding party were also captured by the intrepid villagers. In the engagement Benjamin Rowe was instantly killed and Peter Lurvey mortally wounded.

The above is the story substantially as told by Babson and Pringle. It is one side of the picture. I will now give the other, as handed down by his wife and daughter, and related to me by his descendants. On that fatal morning Lurvey, his wife and little Mary Millett—afterwards Mary Riggs—were over on Pearce's Island huckleberrying. Hearing the alarm, Peter Lurvey bade his wife good-by, hurriedly rowed across to the other shore, ran up to the house and got his gun, thence across the fields and pastures to the Harbor Village, where he met his death. For some quite unexplainable reason his face was never seen again by his wife and children. It was never known what became of his body. Our progenitors were peculiar about such things. My great-grandmother used to tell of her grandfather, killed at the battle of Menotomy, as the British were returning from Lexington on April 19, 1775. His body was immediately buried, in a grave with Jason Russell and ten others—now in the Arlington cemetery—and all his children ever saw again was his old farmer's hat, reserved for identification.

Mrs. Lurvey lived to be 104 years old, and is remembered by people yet living. I have referred to her as a sister to Abraham Wharf. Whether she was the sister who was with him at the time he com-

mitted suicide no person can now tell. It was in 1814. Wharf sat by the fire sharpening his razor. "Sister," said he, "do you think people who commit suicide go to heaven?" "I don't know; but I hope you will never do such a thing, brother," was her answer. "God forbid," was his solemn response. Soon he slipped the razor into his shoe, unobserved, and went out. A little later he was found with 'his throat cut, dead.

The explanation of Mr. Rich's confusing Lurvey and Morgon Stanwood is that John Morgan Stanwood married Lurvey's daughter. Until the time that Mrs. Lurvey died they seem to have lived with her in this house. Later they moved to the house by the Morgan brook, where probably Ruth Morgan, his mother, and perhaps Morgan Stanwood himself were born. But more of this later. After the Stanwoods left the house, which was by this time getting old and weather-beaten, Molly Jacobs, with her friends Sarah Phipps—more often than not called Sally Jacobs—and Mrs. Stanley left the house they had been living in—doubtless that already indicated on the Dogtown road—and came here, by the invitation of "Grandther Stannard." The latter women's grandson, "Sammy Stanley," lived with them and took care of them. Mrs. Almira Riggs of Riverdale, a granddaughter of Mor-

gan Stanwood, told me before her death that she often as a child used to go up to this Lurvey house in winter with food for the old people, and would find them in bed, the coverlet white with snow where the wind had sifted through in the night. After a time the trio of old ladies were taken off to the poor house, where they died. Molly Jacobs was smarter than Sarah Phipps. Sarah would get mad at Molly, and say: "I shan't tell you where I hid the keerds. I hid them behind the old chest, but I shan't tell you."

"Sammy Stanley's" real name was Sam Maskey. He was always brought up by his grandmother to do housework. He went about with a handkerchief tied over his head and did woman's work in preference to any other. In fact, though he wore men's clothes—barring an apron, which he regularly affected,—he had been brought up as a girl. After his aged relative was taken off his hands, he moved to Rockport, where he went out washing for a livelihood, and laid up money, so that when he died he was quite a stockholder in the cotton mills. He is said to have died in Hamilton. His Rockport home was the little white cottage by the pump near Main street, where a driveway leads to the cemetery.

The history of the Lurvey house is nearly finished. Just before Molly Jacobs went to the almshouse,

“Black Neil” Finson, coming from some other house he had inhabited, moved here. The only place he could well stay in was the cellar, which he made water tight by boarding over the first floor. I have already said he thought there was money there. In the course of time, his friend Judy Rhines, living in the next house toward the Castle on the same side of the Common road, took pity on him, and invited him to occupy the empty part of her dwelling.

To return for a moment to Lurvey. As one walks or rides through Washington street in Riverdale, coming from the harbor, just after he crosses the bridge, he notices on the right, the second house from Reynard street, a two-story structure with pitched roof, still in excellent repair, and looking like anything but a historic mansion. Yet this house, reconstructed to be sure, was successively the home of Peter Lurvey and his family, Morgan Stanwood, Molly Jacobs and her two unfortunate companions, who lived in it in company with Black Neil and Sammy Stanley, as already related. In some way or other it became the property of a man named Oliver Whipple, living in the vicinity, who sold it when it was but a skeleton, to Isaac and Reuben Day. They had it taken down, and it was found that the oak frame was intact. The Day brothers therefore had the material taken

to the present site, and the house was rebuilt, the old frame being used in its entirety. There it stands, a monument to the hero and martyr of the Falcon fight, and there it seems likely to remain another century at least, for it is perfectly sound. I have these facts on the authority of several of Isaac Day's descendants, as well as of James Thurston of Riverdale, who helped take it down, and was one of the mechanics who rebuilt it. Mr. Eben Day of Reynard street spent several days cleaning bricks from its chimneys when it was demolished, he told me. Elsewhere in this volume is given the story of the building of this house by Nehemiah Stanwood, the grandfather of John Morgan Stanwood, to whom it apparently descended.

It seems rather mysterious that Black Neil, who lived in the old house when Molly and Sarah and Mrs. Stanley were taken to the almshouse, was not taken too, for at that time, as shown by "Sammy Stanley's song" at the opening of this chapter and by other proofs, the roof had caved in and was in a wretched condition. Old people in Riverdale have had the present structure pointed out to them for nearly two generations as the house where Black Neil once lived, but even those who first furnished me the information as to its identity were surprised to know that it was the Stanwood-Lurvey house.

The original home of Abraham Wharf, as is more fully related elsewhere in this book, was near the "Allen" home, where he spent his last days, it having descended to his wife, Mary Allen. Abraham Wharf was son of Arthur Wharf, born on what is now Reynard street. Abraham's sister Mary married Ebenezer Davis, son of Capt. James Davis, and her daughter Susannah married Rev. Moses Parsons, father of Hon. Theophilus Parsons. Abraham Wharf was therefore a cousin to the great jurist, who traced his ancestry directly back to Dogtown. Before leaving this vicinity and retracing our steps for the celebrated cellar of "Judy Rhines," it may be worth while to climb a big boulder near the Allen-Wharf cellar for a view of Danvers asylum. Peter's Pulpit, or Uncle Andrew's rock, is northwest of the Wharf cellar in a hollow, and behind it, a short distance away, is the "Nip," well known to Rockporters and others who live on the north side. On the road, not far from the Wharf cellar, was the site of the "village blacksmith's" shop, the ground about which remained black for years from his operations. From here leads off a path to the Whale's Jaw. It is clear from the map of 1741, reproduced later, that the two Dogtown roads did not originally connect. In fact I doubt if they ever connected except by a path.

Walking from Beech Pasture toward Riverdale, the first cellar reached is that of Jim White, in which grows a big sumac. He made baskets. It is near the "second common" bars. Opposite is the cellar of the village grocery, and on the left, the cellar of Oliver Whipple, once the owner of the Lurvey house. Beyond, also on the left, is the Haraden cellar.







## CHAPTER VII.

“JUDY RHINES” AND “JOHNNY MORGAN.”

THE Judy Rhines house, too, had caved in as to its roof, it seems, when Black Neil removed thither from his former dwelling. And this circumstance probably explains why “Liz” Tucker, its owner and former occupant, left the society of her niece Judy, and sought a home near the harbor, where she died. The house where she died stood exactly where the entrance to Oak Grove cemetery is now located. Judy’s house was a double one. It will be noticed by the visitor to the spot that there are two cellars. It seems that Lizzie (or “Liz”) Tucker, was Judith Ryon’s aunt, and therefore must

have been a sister to either her father Patrick Ryon, an Irishman, or to her mother, a daughter of William Riggs. Liz Tucker lived in one part of the house, but was dead, doubtless, at the time Judy extended the hospitalities of the place to Neil Finson.

How long the two were tenants of the house I am unable to say. The house was one of the favorite haunts of young people on holidays, and was so at the time both lived there. Judy was a tall, rawboned woman, who had great courage. If she told a person approaching her house to stand still, they would not move any nearer. She had many friends. One of the places she visited, according to Benjamin Rowe Kidder of Rockport, was "Uncle Miah" Knowlton's, for whom he worked. Aunt Knowlton used to load her up with fish and tea. The young people of that day refuse to admit that she was in any sense a witch, or so considered. After Judy died, Neil, as before related, lived in the house until the only place he could stay was in the cellar. He was a big, powerful negro, with very prominent protruding teeth. At the time he was taken from the cellar to the poor house, it was full of ice, and his toes were some of them frozen.

"Judy Rhines," as she is called, was baptized Dec. 30, 1771, at the Sandy Bay Parish church. She

was living in 1830, nine years before the death of her colored friend "Neil" Finson. She gained a precarious living, like her friends Molly Jacobs, Easter Carter and Tammy Younger, by picking berries, telling fortunes, and in other ways. One day she went into Mr. Babson's store at the Poles, and bought some groceries. She tendered in payment a \$5 bill, a note on the old United States bank. It was the only one Mr. Babson had ever seen. "I don't think I want this," he said. "It is just as good as any," she replied; "I took it for pasture rent from Mr. Whipple." He finally took it, and on presentation at the Gloucester Bank found she was right. It was on a branch of the bank for the state of Georgia.



Years ago, in the Gloucester *Telegraph*, some antiquarian told a story of what might have been his own experience. He said two boys who considered the poultry and chattels of a "witch" public property, stole from Judith Ryon a couple of geese. They were safely away, as they thought, when they heard

Judy coming brandishing a hoe, and screeching, "Now, ye hell birds, I've got ye!" The response was a goose, plump in her face and the asseveration, "No you haint." Prostrated by the "foul" assault, Judy lay senseless, while the boys, again securing their prey, vanished.

As we have turned back toward the Castle, we may as well continue, and more particularly examine the territory around Morgan's brook, or the "Slough," as it is more often called. In the early days of this century, some sixteen or twenty men used to go over this road to general training, their homes being between the Castle and Dogtown.

Over these pastures, on either side, many sheep were wont to graze a century ago. Abraham Wharf, in his palmy days, kept lots of them. Morgan's brook, named, of course, for Morgan Stanwood, is a discouraging place to cross. If one confines himself to the stepping stones on the left, going toward Riverdale, or on the right, proceeding the other way, it can be crossed without wetting one's feet. The stranger is likely to attempt the other side, and come to grief.

After crossing the brook, on the same side as Judy Rhines' cellar, one sees a big boulder beside the road. Right against it, on one side, are the foundations of a small building, while in the yard with this,

enclosed by a wall, are the remains of a larger structure. The building by the rock was the hut in which John Morgan Stanwood spent his last days. Mr. Rich, in his poem, dropped the John, while the custom of his contemporaries was to drop the Stanwood. It is a painful but well-authenticated fact, that he was known to some, as long as he lived, as "Johnny Morgan." Of course he was not that Johnny who played the organ, nor the estimable gentleman who caters to the finer taste of the present generation of Gloucester people.

I misspent many precious hours trying, first to find if John Morgan Stanwood was the man I was hunting after, and second, seeking to find out who the Morgan was who lived by the brook. That this was not strange may be understood, when I say that a lady still living told me that for years she went to school, and was intimate with "Nabby Morgan," his daughter, before the person told her that her name was really Abigail Morgan Stanwood.

Morgan Stanwood never went to the wars, so those who knew him as "Capt." Morgan Stanwood made a mistake if they thought the title a military one. During the Revolutionary war, or a little later, he went on foreign voyages. He married Mary Lurvey, and had many children. "Granter Stannard," or

“Johnny Morgan,” as you will, seems thoroughly to have enjoyed life on Dogtown Common. He spent his later years cobbling shoes. This work he did at first in a little addition to his house, which was then and has ever since borne the name of “The Boo.” After his wife died, and his children grew up, the confusion of so many in the house, and the fact that they had so many callers among their young acquaintances, so disturbed his mind, that he sought relief by building the hut under the rock. Many living recall this cozy corner, where he peacefully cobbled shoes for the remainder of his days. On a shelf in the corner he kept a book in which he made a record of the interesting matters that came to his notice. I should like to get hold of that book. For a year I chased after such a journal of life in Dogtown, that I finally found never existed; but I have no doubt of the existence of this journal, though it probably has long since gone to decay. Stanwood has several grandchildren living.

Lest I forget it, let me say here that Morgan Stanwood’s old “boo”—it was a booth, built of slabs and covered with turf, Mrs. Rachel Day says—was standing when the war of the Rebellion began, but old soldiers who left it when they marched, found it gone on their return.

"THE OLD CASTLE."





The "Castle," a dozen years ago, was owned by Mrs. Mary A. Riggs, a sprightly old lady of 80, who lived on the main road in Riverdale. Some of the Lufkin family seem to have lived in it during its early history. It came to Mrs. Riggs through her father, Capt. Sam. Riggs, of whom it used to be said that he could walk from the old Riggs house in Riverdale to Rockport without getting off of his own land. The Riggs house is quite near the Castle, though on another road, near Goose Cove. It is supposed that that part of it which is constructed of square logs was built by Thos. Riggs, the first school master and town clerk, in 1661. His grandson, George Riggs, built the gambrel roof portion. It is undoubtedly the oldest house on the Cape. Thomas was the progenitor of all the Riggs family of Gloucester. Mrs. Riggs, mentioned above, used to go to school to Judy Millett.

The "old castle" is a restored gambrel roof, and seems likely to remain for another century as a good sample of the better class of Dogtown dwellings.

It seems probable that Hetty Balch lived in this vicinity, but of this I would like further proof. Possibly she lived in the village. It is but five minutes walk from "Johnny Morgan's Boo," and the Castle to the electrics in Riverdale.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### CONCLUSION.

IF it happens that one has not turned off from the main Dogtown road, at Granny Day's swamp, he will keep on over a slight elevation, past the crossing of the Pigeon Cove path, which really is for some distance in the road, until he reaches the Whale's Jaw.

Soon after passing Whale's Jaw, the road, almost obliterated by time and changes of ownership in the pastures, reaches Revere street, the old Sandy Bay road already referred to. On the Pigeon Cove path, a little distance beyond the Whale's Jaw, are the graves of old Mr. Blanch and wife, marked by rude head and foot stones picked out from the rocks which bestrew the Commons. This cellar is near Pigeon Hill, on the path from Pigeon Cove to the Whale's Jaw. It was known as "Blanch's" to two genera-

tions. The cleared land made a fine place for the boys of fifty years since to go from Lanesville and Pigeon Cove on Fast Day to play ball.

In Dogtown, just after passing the bars of the village street beyond Granny Day's swamp, is the cellar of the house in which Col. William Pearce, one of the wealthiest men of old Gloucester, sought refuge from marauding expeditions in war times. He kept great numbers of sheep. Mr. Chard, almost a centenarian, picturesquely described a scene of his boyhood, during the war of 1812. He woke one morning and was summoned into the garden of the house on the banks of Lobster Cove, in which he was born. Secured to a rock directly across the cove, still to be seen, were several British barges, belonging to a war vessel anchored by the bar in the harbor of Annisquam. Coming down the hill towards the boats was a negro, bearing on his back his booty in the shape of one of Col. Pearce's black sheep. This is in many ways the best preserved cellar in Dogtown, with its cellar steps still in place.

I have speculated somewhat concerning the reason of Babson's reticence in his history concerning Dogtown and its people. His history was published fifty years ago. The village degenerated as it grew old, and the Dogtown familiar to him in his younger days

was not a place to inspire great enthusiasm. At the time he wrote less than twenty years had passed since "Black Nell," Molly Jacobs, Annie Carter and others had died. Many of their connections were still living, and to speak as freely as one can to-day of the village would have caused more or less strife. Had my friend Pringle had more time, he might have included the story of Dogtown in his interesting centennial history, but the omission was quite excusable when the magnitude of the task he set himself is considered.

I find that I have omitted the story of Peg Wesson from this narrative, though her name has been mentioned. She lived in the "Garrison House" on Prospect street, opposite Dale avenue. It now stands on Maplewood avenue. She is the only reputed witch of Cape Ann of whom it can be alleged, with history to endorse the allegation, that she rode on a broomstick. Shortly before departing for the siege of Louisburg, Babson says, several of Capt. Byles' company visited Peg, and so exasperated her that she threatened to visit them in wrath at Cape Breton. While camping before Louisburg, the attention of the Gloucester men was attracted by the peculiar performances of a crow which circled just above them. Several unsuccessful efforts were made to

shoot the bird of ill omen. Finally a soldier suggested that it must be Peg, supernaturally transformed into a crow. If it was the witch, nothing but a bullet cast from silver or gold would be sufficiently potent to puncture her. A silver sleeve button was rammed into a gun, and fired, the bird falling with a hurt leg. On their return to Gloucester, the soldiers were interested to learn that at the precise time the crow was wounded, Peg fell (of course from her broomstick), with a fracture of her leg, and the doctor on dressing the wound, extracted the identical silver button therefrom. Many of the inhabitants of Gloucester of those days believed this tale.

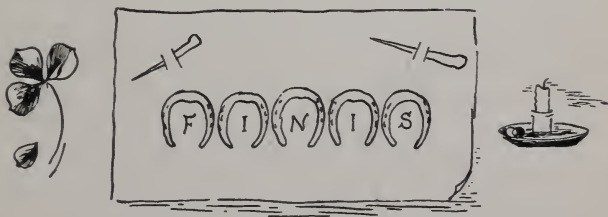
The writer has at different times examined about 60 cellars which can be found in Dogtown. Of these he has identified many more than he believed was possible when he began the work. He is more gratified than he can express at the general interest that has been awakened by the first publication of these notes. As aged Mr. Thurston quaintly remarked, "In old times if a person sawed a barrel in two and made two tubs, they called him a witch. This seems to be as much foundation as there is in the stories of many of the witches of Dogtown. Gloucester should cherish this ancient spot for what it has been. It is practically the only ruined city in America. I can-

not close these sketches better than by following the example of Babson, and quoting Goldsmith :

“ Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangled walks and ruined grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorne grew,  
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
For all the blooming flush of life is fled.”



## NOTE.

On page 10, in the story of the "Beginnings of Dogtown," which follows this, the distance of the Nehemiah Stanwood (or Lurvey) house should be 2 miles, 2 quarters and 7 rods from the church green.





MAP OF  
THE  
TOWN PARISH  
SHOWING  
DOGTOWN VILLAGE  
IN 1742.

CHARLES E. MANN.  
COPY FROM  
MASS ARCHIVES  
VOLUME 243

ROAD TO  
IN WHITE GLOUCESTER  
HARBOR.



# BEGINNINGS OF DOGTOWN

DATA FROM DAYS BEFORE THE  
VILLAGE WAS DESERTED

BY  
CHARLES E. MANN

---

GLOUCESTER, MASS. :  
THE PROCTER BROTHERS CO., PUBLISHERS  
108 MAIN ST.  
1906



## BEGINNINGS OF DOGTOWN.



### CHAPTER I.

Had the First Parish remained content with its ancient meeting house on the Green in Riverdale it is probable that no story of the beginnings of Dogtown could ever have been written, and its antecedents would have therefore remained an unsolvable mystery. Hon. John J. Babson studied the problem and gave it up, as his History of Gloucester states. In telling the story of the division of the parish, he was limited as to space by the necessity of discussing other subjects of equal or paramount importance, and keeping the whole within the pages of the ordinary volume of its class. When he prepared his "Notes and Additions" to the history he availed himself freely of the important genealogical material furnished by the different petitions relating to the parish controversy in the archives of the general court, but curbed his curiosity as to Dogtown. When the writer's friend, Mr. Fred N. Day of Newton, went hunting for facts relating to the Day family, he recognized the value of the papers, and called them to my attention.

At a certain point in the controversy over the division of the First Parish it became important for the members of the General Court to know just how far the "Up in Town" petitioners each lived from the old church on the Green, this church being a mile from the new church which had been

built at the harbor, and that mile, added to the long walk from Wheeler's Point or Goose Cove, being the bone of contention. So in 1740 or 1741 the distances were measured, and Joseph Batchelder, a surveyor, drew a map of the upper part of the parish, showing every road and the location of each house, the owner or occupant's name being indicated by a number. The map, now in the archives of the Commonwealth, includes the two now grass-grown Dogtown streets, and from it we are able to learn just who was living in the village 150 years ago. It also furnishes hints as to the builders of many of the Dogtown houses, and data as to the probable time when other roads and houses were constructed.

It is customary to write the introduction to a story last, and I need hardly say that it is a matter of intense satisfaction to me to be able to write this series of articles, which are properly an introduction to "The Story of Dogtown" ten years after the publication of that modest book. That volume was founded largely on tradition, the memories of our elderly people being its basis. Many of them (including my indefatigable friend, Eben Day, who spent many hours in search for me) have since died. The present work will be based entirely on ancient records, and will therefore have a basis of authority that was absent in the early study. We shall never be able to exactly verify every tradition concerning "Easter" Carter, Judy Rhines, Tammy Younger and Black Neil, but the earlier history of Dogtown is no longer based on tradition, for the facts are at our command. As the facts concerning the separation of the Fifth Parish from the First vitally concern

the story, and many of them have never seen the light in print, it is proper that they first be given.

Rev. John White, whose parsonage is known to Gloucester people generally as the old Ellery house, had spent a lifetime and service in the First parish, had seen it divided twice, and had reached the time in 1738, when a large number of his parishioners had made their homes in the Harbor village, while as many others were as near the harbor as to the meeting house green. He had himself built a house down the main highway in the direction of the harbor and sold the old house to Capt. William Ellery, who was using it as a tavern where the regular meetings of the selectmen were held, the town business being transacted to the accompaniment of so large an amount of solid and liquid refreshment that finally it became necessary to put a limit on the municipal expenditures for entertaining the town fathers, by a vote passed in town meeting.

Naturally, the more prosperous people at the harbor grew weary of the mile walk or ride to meeting and when they became numerically strong enough to control the action of the parish, they resorted to a skillful coup in order to carry their design into effect. A self-constituted committee proceeded to erect a new church building, about where the First Parish church now stands, and in due time this building was offered to the parish, on condition that the committee be reimbursed for their expenditures from the money received from the sale of pews. The offer was accepted, despite the protests of a vigorous minority, led by Elder Nathaniel Coit, Joseph Allen, Esq., and his brother William.

The futility of all attempts to secure preaching in the old church led to an appeal to the General Court, Nov. 29, 1738, signed by Nathaniel Coit and 84 others, asking that they be set off as a distinct parish. This petition is copied in full in the Babson history, but succeeding petitions are omitted. These plead with the Court to take the different circumstances of the petitioners under its wise consideration. Many of them, it is stated, are too poor to own conveyances, and must therefore walk a mile and a half to the old meeting house, and if obliged to go to the new meeting house, must go more than a mile further. The petition, which was addressed to "His Excellency Jonathan Belcher, Esq., Captain General & Governor in Chief in and over his Majesties Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, to the Honorable His Majesties Council & House of Representatives in General Court Assembled," reached the body early in December, the record showing that by Dec. 29 it was "read again, together with the answers of the town and of the First Parish and other papers in the case, and Ordered, that Ebenezer Burrill & Benj. Lyde, Jr. Esqs. and such as shall be joined by the Hon'ble House of Representatives be a committee to repair to the First Parish in Gloucester, view the same, as well as such other parishes as they shall judge necessary and hear the parties concerned and report their opinion of what may be proper for the court to do thereon at the next May session; and all other proceedings on said affair are hereby staid in the meantime." In the House of Representatives on Dec. 30 John Wainwright, Esq., Mr. Roland Cotton and Capt. Gyles Russell were joined to the committee.

Ebenezer Burrill was of Lynn, a brother to John Burrill, long the speaker of the House of Representatives, and usually known in the Third Plantation as "Honorable Ebenezer." Because of the distinguished services of members of the family to their native town, the Burrills were for generations called the "royal family of Lynn." What the Burrills were to Lynn the Lyndes were to Malden. Burrill wrote and signed the report of the committee, which was submitted May 25, 1739:

"The committee appointed on the petition of Capt. N. Coit, Joseph Allen, Esq., and others of the Hon'bl General Court have repaired to said parish, taken a careful view of the same, as well as of other parts of the town, heard the parties in their pleas and allegations as well in support of as against the prayer of the petition, and having maturely considered the same humbly report as their opinion that the prayer of the petition ought not to be granted. But forasmuch as the petitioners and such as may be desirous to associate themselves in order to be formed into a separate society or precinct may be able to carry on and defray the charge of supporting the gospel ministry in the old meeting house in the said first parish the committee are further of the opinion that it would be of great ease and advantage to them to be created into a distinct society or precinct and for that purpose that such petitioners and their associates be allowed six months to leave their names in writing and distance of habitation from the old meeting house with the sum of their last rate to the ministerial support with Joseph Allen, Esq., who is hereby empowered and directed to receive the

same and make a return thereof to the Honorable Court for their consideration and aid in the premises," etc.

On June 30, 1739, the House of Representatives dismissed the petition, and two days later the council occurred, though Ebenezer Burrill's suggestion bore fruit later. On October 8, 1739, Elder Coit and his friends put in another petition, arguing the case further. The answer of the First Parish was submitted by a committee, Epes Sargent and Daniel Witham, together with certified copies of notices and votes in connection with parish action, to prove the regularity of the proceedings. The remonstrants urged the bad consequences, if not destructive, to the whole town, and much more to that particular parish, if the prayer should be granted, "Notwithstanding which, with not any new state of facts so much as pretended, the parish is again within so short a space as about nine months obliged to answer." "Consider the difficulty of the times," the remonstrants say, "the scarcity and want of money, the decay of fishing and trade, whereby we mostly subsist, the poverty of most of us, the extraordinary charges we must be involved in by the war and the smallness of the difficulty the petitioners will meet with if they come to the new meeting house, we humbly conceive that the granting of the petition will prove harmful to the town in general."

Among the exhibits is the record of the parish meeting, held March 5, 1739-40, with Samuel Stevens, Jr., moderator, where Joseph Allen, Esq., made an answer and insisted that the petition be granted in full without any abatements, to which the rest of the petitioners present consented by silence, ex-



cept Mr. Thomas Allen, who said he would have either all that were willing or all that were nearest, whereupon they proceeded to choose Col. Epes Sargent and Daniel Witham to answer. Before this, however, Elder Coit and his friends had made another appeal to the general court. This contained 13 names, and on December 19 a postscript was sent in, adding 11 names. On March 21, 1739-40, the council order was adopted for measurements and plan, names to be left with Samuel Lee of Manchester, instead of their being left with Joseph Allen, as at first proposed. Lee's report, submitted in October, 1740, follows, showing the distance of each petitioner from the old church, it being taken from Vol. 243, Massachusetts archives:

In obedience to an act of the Great and General Court passed March ye 21st 1739—40, relating to the petitions of the northerly part of the First Parish in Gloucester for leaving their names with their associates in writing with the distances of their respective habitations from the old meeting house in said parish, together with the list of the assessments of the last parish tax, with Samuel Lee of Manchester, Esq., who is empowered to receive the same and to make return to the sd court, are as followeth:

	Miles	Qrs	Rods
Elder Nicholas Coit.....			60
Joseph Allen, Esq.....			35
William Stephens.....			53
Eunice Allen, widow.....			67
Zerubabel Allen.....	1		5
Nehemiah Harvey.....	1		
Samuel Hodgkins, Sr.....	2		59
William Jeffords.....	2		70
Samuel Hodgkins, Jr.....	2		3

	Miles	Qrs	Rods
Jonathan Stanwood, associate.	1	1-4	8
Philip Tuxbury .....	1		64
David Stanwood, Esq.....	1	2	2
Philip Stanwood.....	1	2	14
Nicholas Kintvil.....		2	32
David Plumer... ..		2	52
John Millet.....		3	20
Samuel Allen.....		3	25
Abraham Davis.....	1		9
Daniel Emans.....		3	59
William Ring....		3	68
Mary Davis, widow.....		3	68
William Tucker.....	1	1	6
John Wharf.....	1	1	59
John Stanwood.....		1	24
Nehemiah Adams.....	1	1	65
Nathaniel Wharf.....	1	2	11
Eliakim Smith.....	1	2	72
Thomas Riggs.....	1	3	3
Andrew Riggs.....	1	3	37
Stephen Bennet.....	1	1	55
John Bennet.....	1	2	72
Lydia Canaby, widow.....	1	3	59
William Hilton, Sr .....	2		17
Anna Davis, widow.....	2		47
Arthur Wharff.....	2		63
Joshua Elwell.....	2	1	14
James Marsh.....	2	1	47
Benjamin Allen.....	2	2	32
Nehemiah Stanwood.....	M	M	A
Anthony Bennett.....		1	28
Benjamin Foster.....		1	1
Joseph Millet .....		2	15
John Brewer.....		2	56
Solomon Davis.....		2	64
Mary Day, widow....		2	78
Nathaniel Day.....		3	31
Abraham Millet .....	1		27
Jeremiah Millet .....	1		33

	Miles	Qrs	Rods
Benjamin Cunningham.....	1	1	42
Joseph Clark.....	1	1	62
James Stanwood.....	1	1	58
Joseph Winslow.....	1	1	69
James Dermerit.....	1	2	2
Joseph Ingersoll.....	1	2	51
Abigail Day, widow.....	1	3	1
Stephen Robinson, Jr.....	1	3	32
Joseph Riggs.....	1	3	58
Mr. William Ellery, associate .			7
Stephen Robinson, Sr.....			10
John Low.....			13
Andrew Elwell.....			21
William Allen.....			13
Deborah Low, widow .....			49
Rufus Stacy.....		1	77
James Wallis.....		2	8
Mr. James Davis.....		3	37
Mr. Thomas Allen.....			48
Thomas Elwell.....			
Joshua Riggs.....	1	3	3
Joseph Whiston.....			
William Riggs.....			
Joseph Ingersoll.....			
Thomas Wharf.....	1	2	11
John Huse.....			
Richard True.....	1		48
Jacob Lurvey.....	1		48
Nathaniel Bray.....			
Ambrose Allen....			67
David Hodgkins.....		2	15
Ebenezer Lurvey, associate...			
Caleb Elwell.....			10
Jonathan Brown.....	1	2	17
William Hilton, Jr.....	2	0	17
Joseph Clark, Jr.....	1	1	68
Isaac Elwell.....		3	25
Rachel Day, widow.....			
Jane Day, widow.....	1		38

	Miles	Qrs	Rods
Isaac Davis.....	1	1	68
James Davis ye 3d.....	1	1	65
Joseph Lurvey.....	1		33
Jeremiah Robinson.....			
Andrew Grimes.....	1	3	59
Joseph Stanwood.....			
Walter Stanwood.....		1	
Andrew Stanwood.....			
John Ingersoll.....			
Johnathan Hodgkins.....			49
Charles Stockbridge.....			49
Samuel Eliot.....			67
Samuel Stockbridge.....		2	15
Jonathan Stanwood, Jr.....		3-4	57
Thomas Foster.....		1	21
Ebenezer Merchant.....	1		27
John Clark.....	1	1	62
Bemsley Woodward.....			49
Nathaniel Rust.....			
Morris Millett.....			10
Isaac Bray.....			
Martha Bray, widow.....			
Martha Bratham.....			
John Ealing, associate.....			
Daniel Stone.....			
Walter Fear.....			
Jonathan Stanwood.....			

I have omitted the assessments as unnecessary to the story, but it may be said that Thomas Allen, a leading petitioner, whose house stood on what is now Poplar street, near the Green, paid two pounds, 12 shillings and sixpence annually, the largest tax, while many Dogtown people were not assessed.

## CHAPTER II.

Those familiar with Manchester history need not be told that Samuel Lee was a person whose reputation made him a reliable person to trust with his delicate mission. The penmanship of his report shows that he was a gifted man. But there was more trouble, nevertheless, for on Nov. 17, a protest reached the General Court from Sargent and Witham, who asked that the "platt" be rejected, on the ground that the order of the Council did not expressly say that the chainmen should be under oath, merely the surveyor, so the petitioners employed a surveyor to take said "platt," but by turns carried the chain themselves, and there was suspicion of the distances. This was met by a certificate before Samuel Lee, J. P., of Thomas Allen, Andrew Riggs, Samuel Hodgkins, James Stanwood and Daniel Allen, that they carried the chain, and that they offered to swear that they measured the distances as near as they could. A number of the opposite party were present, they say, and nothing had been produced by them to the contrary.

Matters remained quiescent until 1741, when another petition came in from the people in the north end of the parish, headed, in a feeble hand, by Elder Coit, who was soon to leave the activities and controversies of earth. They asked a further hearing, and Samuel Danforth and John Read of the council with Mr. Fairfield, Mr. Wiswall and Mr. Little of the house were made a committee, which heard the parties and reported the decision reproduced by Mr. Babson, recommending the parish to secure the services of a

learned and orthodox minister as an assistant to Mr. White, and to meet by turns in the two churches. This is dated July 24, 1741, and within a week, the revered pastor of the church, Rev. John White, appears for the first and only time in the role of a participant in the discussion. His letter, which is written in a fine, clear hand, is just such a deliverance as one would expect from an aged saint who had given his life's service for the parish. It is a pleasure to rescue from the oblivion of the archives this letter, revealing as it does to the children's children of the controversionalists the pacific spirit of the fine old man. The letter is addressed to the residents of the north part of the first parish, and reads as follows:

“Gloucester, July 30, 1742.

“Honored and beloved brethren:

“There has been too much of an alienation and prejudice (I fear) against me for leaving the old meeting house and I am not without fears that my return to it (all circumstances considered) will not abate, but increase the same. To prevent which I am at the pains to write this letter, and communicate it. In the first place these signify to you that I have looked upon it as a matter of prudence for me, to be slow in managing the affair of chusing a person to preach in order to the church's choice and settlement. I have not voted in the affair, there being no necessity for it in order to the validity of the church's act. And Mr. Parsons (who is the first person the church has pitched upon to preach in a probationary way) is as slow to engage in this work.

“But that you may be prevailed with to attend with a christian temper on our ministry please duly to consider that when the Gen-

eral Court shall approve of your christian condescension, submission, and self denial, in so tender a case, it will be no grief of heart unto you, and I am fully persuaded that your conduct herein will be approved by all, whether the sense of the General Court's order be as you, or as we take it. If as we take it, then your acquiescing in what the church has done, will be an acceptance of the relief the General Court has proposed and an happy issue of a long and unhappy debate. And if as You take it, the Court will applaud your peaceable and submissive temper; and will declare that none of the things proposed have been complied withall, according to the true intent and meaning of them, and will according to their promise to you, constitute you a parish. And will it be accounted by you a burden intolerable, to hear your Old Pastor a few Sabbaths, and Mr. Parsons, who has had more seals of his ministry before ordination than any that I know. Weigh these things, I earnestly beseech you, and by a cool temper and christian frame, comply till the Court sits with what the church thinks they have directed them unto, as an expedient for public good, mutual edification.

“Your assured friend and faithful pastor,  
“John White.”

This letter was addressed to “Elder Nathaniel Coit and Joseph Allen Esqr & the rest of ye north part of the first parish in Gloucester.”

The Mr. Parsons referred to in Mr. White's lettet was Rev. Moses Parsons, father of Massachusetts' eminent jurist, Theophilus Parsons, who at this time was keeping a private school at the harbor and who was engaged as an assistant to the venerated pastor

in the hope that the choice would heal the dissensions, a hope that proved to be vain, so that soon Mr. Parsons accepted a call to Byfield, where he spent the rest of his life. His wife was Susanna, daughter of Ebenezer Davis, a native of the Dogtown section, her home being on Reynard street.

But the pacific note is itself pretty good evidence the Mr. White and his supporters at the Harbor realized that whatever was done by way of maintaining preaching at the two churches must be simply preliminary to a division of the parish. If the General Court was to insist on this it were as well to form a new parish and let those attending the meetings in the old church be responsible for their support. The tone of the discussion, therefore, soon changes, and the questions begin to arise as to the drawing of the new parish line. One list of names appears of residents along what we now know as the "Old Rockport road," who were likely to be included, though not petitioners, and on October 9, 1742, a petition appeared at the General Court, where for the first time on the records mention is made of the "Town Parish," a term which has, with its twin term "Up in Town," been in familiar use since for over one hundred and fifty years. The petition follows:

"We whose names are underwritten do hereby request that neither we nor our estates be set off to the Town Parish and to attend public worship at the Old Meeting House if it be granted to them that petition for it, but desire that we may belong to the Harbor Parish."

This petition bore 18 names, and was headed by John Pool and Samuel Davis. Dec. 2 of the same year nine others petitioned to be



left alone, the two petitions containing the names of nearly all those referred to as living on the Rockport road and "at the Cape," excepting Henry Witham, whose cellar still remains on the old road near by the "Parting path," this point being made one of the bounds of the new parish.

Six days later, December 8, 1742, Epes Sargent, John Carney and Daniel Witham, two of these having been the leaders of the opposition to division from the first, petitioned for a new parish as had been agreed upon, the bounds taking in the homes in the vicinity of the Green, all of Riverdale and as far as the 'Squam Willows, Wheeler's Point, Thurston's Point and Dogtown.

Mr. Babson's history states that the separation was agreed to in parish meeting by a vote of fifty yeas to thirty-five nays. The seceders, though occupying the location of the first settlers, were compelled to be known thereafter as the Fourth Parish. Rev. John Rogers was the first and only pastor, he being ordained February 1, 1744, and serving the parish for 38 years. In 1752 the old meeting house was abandoned for a new one, built a few rods away, on the southeast corner of the Green. In 1751 Joseph Allen and wife gave the church a communion service which is now used by the Riverdale Methodist society, its pastor tells me. The inscription on this service is as follows, "The Gift of Josh Allen esqr and wife for the 4th church in Gloucester 1751." The church building stood until 1840 and in its later days proved very useful as a preaching place for the itinerating Methodist preachers, who eventually planted the faith firmly on Cape Ann.

### CHAPTER III.

The "platt" of the embryo Fourth Parish shows that in 1741-2 there were 25 houses standing within the limits of what we now call Dogtown. The cellars which remain show that in its palmiest days—if it ever had palmy days—there were about twice that number. The original plan, which I have copied, indicated the houses by numbers. I have put the names directly on the plan.

The town records of Gloucester contain two references to roads in the direction of Dogtown. One of these, in 1646, lays out a "highway out of the woods on Est side Mill River through Hugh Calkins marsh for hauling wood timber planks or such like down to said river." In 1707 three important roads were laid out from Gristmill and Sawmill standing on Sawmill river up into the woods along by the now dwelling house of Lieut. James Davis. The inhabitants having great necessity for sd way for transporting their fodder, timber and wood, which way is laid out where it hath been used and improved 50 years commencing at stake 5 rods easterly of east corner of gravel pit. That is at the easterly side of said grist mill dam and so on past Lieut. James Davis dwelling house till it cometh to a bridge going over the brook where the way now goeth and hath gone a long time towards the house of Ezekiel Day 4 rods wide up to the now dwelling house of Joseph Ingersoll excepting only where ye 2nd Ezekiel Day's barn now standeth where the way to be only so wide as 'is between Ezekiel Day's land by his dwelling house and barne."

The foregoing refers to Reynard street,

which, for some reason is only indicated on the parish plan as extending from Cherry street to the house of Lieut. Davis, the only one then upon it. The Ezekiel Day house was near the Cherry street end. Joseph Ingersoll, who evidently lived near, must have abandoned that location and built a house on the Dogtown road, or else his son Joseph, who is the one indicated in the plan, built in Dogtown after his marriage to Mary Brewer, Dec. 2, 1707.

The parish plan sheds a good deal of light upon the problem which troubled John J. Babson as to the motive for the settlement of Dogtown, as is illustrated in the case above. A very large proportion of the heads of families had a very large number of children, and the sons, as they grew up, married and established homes for themselves as near the ancestral homestead—which, as a rule, eventually descended to the eldest son—as was possible, this often being within the limits of Dogtown. We shall find as we study the village as it existed in 1740 that many sons of men who had large farms in what is now Riverdale and 'Squam began house-keeping in Dogtown, seeking their land in the last division of common lands in 1719. The movement of settlement can be traced quite easily through a careful examination of vital statistics. William Stevens, Gloucester's and New England's famous shipwright, lived at the Cut. His grandson, William, inherited his place, married Abigail Sargent, and died in 1701. His widow married Elder Nathaniel Coit, who lived at the mill pond, and whose daughter Mary, married Joseph Allen, Esq.; Samuel, son of the second William Stevens, married Anna, Joseph Allen's daughter, and had a third William, born in

1718, who married Anna, daughter of Ebenezer Davis at the very period the map was made, and it shows him settled down on what is now Cherry street. The next generation moved into Dogtown village, where Joseph Stevens was the largest landholder 100 years ago.

Near William Stevens lived Benjamin Foster, who I suppose to be the grandfather of little Dorcas Foster of Dogtown, whose story has been already told. In the same locality lived John Bruce, and of him I find absolutely no record, and am therefore of the opinion that the name should not be Bruce but Brewer, as the name of John Brewer is placed with that of Stevens and Foster in the list of petitioners. This does not help us much, however, as nothing further is known of him.

The Nathaniel Day house, at the foot of Gravel Hill, was built by Samuel Day, a younger brother, who was killed by Indians in the troubles of 1758, and his widow deeded the property to Nathaniel, who married Susanna Stanwood in 1739. The map, however, shows that they were living in the house in 1741. While dealing with the Day family, it may be well to say that the widow, Mary Day, whose name appears in the list as living near Nathaniel, was undoubtedly his mother, Mary Rowe Day, the daughter of Hugh Rowe, and widow of Ezekiel Day, her home being, as stated, near Reynard street. Two of her sisters married brothers of her husband and one of these appears in the list, Rachel, widow of Samuel. Another Day widow, Abigail, was Abigail Leach, widow of John, erroneously called "Abigail Lead" in Mr. Babson's history, and "Alice" Leach in his Notes and Additions. She had a daughter Sarah who married Dea-

con Joseph Winslow, mentioned in the Dogtown book, and the good deacon was in 1742 the administrator of John's estate. The latter's home was near the Poles, but the distance from the church, as indicated on the list, and the fact that they are named together, shows that in order to be near her daughter she had moved into Dogtown village.

There is no doubt in my mind that the name "Joseph Whiston" on the original plan is an error. The house is that of Joseph Winslow, as is shown by consulting the list of distances, it being only a rod from James Stanwood's, on the opposite side of the street, while no distance is given for the house of Joseph Whiston, named elsewhere in the list. Furthermore, the plan in the Dogtown book gives Deacon Winslow's cellar as at this point, but opposite, while in an article which I published in the Times in November, 1898, I stated that I had succeeded in identifying the cellar at that time marked by a painted sign as that of Dorcas Foster as the old home of Deacon Winslow. This is the very cellar marked "Joseph Whiston" on the ancient plan, which in itself is a splendid proof of the accuracy of a tradition which had existed in Riverdale for five generations—a century and a half. It is clear that the name "Whiston" was copied from the plan and placed in the list, and that Mr. Babson copied it from the list and printed it in his history as that of an early settler of whom he knew nothing more.

A few steps further up the street lived Widow Jane Day, very plainly the "Granny Day," who was the village schoolmistress and gave her name to the swamp at that point. I have tried very hard to identify

her. Mr. Fred N. Day thinks she was the Jane Boyd who married Joseph Day, and to whom Mr. Babson gives the name "Patience." Francis "Bloyd" was an early settler. As collateral evidence that Mr. Day's theory is right I may say that Joseph Day had a daughter Jane (doubtless named for her mother) who married John Carter. Widow Jane Carter died in January, 1814, at the age of ninety-four. I am quite disposed to think that the belief of the late Eli Morgan that "Easter" and William Carter came from England was founded on the fact that their father, John Carter, came over either in 1741 or 1742, and that he married the daughter of "Granny" Day. When we call her by that loving title, therefore, we but echo the language of the little Easter and William, when they waded in their grandmother's swamp, a century or more ago.

But having taken this excursion through the village street with the Day family and connections, it may be well to return to the foot of Gravel hill for a few minutes. Nathaniel Day's nearest neighbors in 1740 were Abraham and Jeremiah Millet. It is difficult to get away from the Day family in dealing with Dogtown. They were cousins of Nathaniel, sons of Andrew Millet and Bethiah Day. The map in the Dogtown book locates Molly Millet in the house which the ancient map shows was built by Abraham Millet. I am unable to say how the house of Jeremiah Millet, at the top of Gravel hill, passed into the possession of William Pulcifer.

Who Benjamin (K)newcomb, whose house stood near the present location of the Vivian barn, may have been, we are left to conjecture. So far as I know, his membership in

the town parish, as shown in the plan and petitions, is all that remains to identify him. He would seem to be one of those, who, in the division of the common lands, in 1719, came into the possession of a quarter lot.

The first cellar marked upon the plan in the Dogtown book is that of a Clark. In the 1741 plan the name is Joseph Clark, Jr. The second house beyond was that of his father, Joseph Clark, and is the one whose eloquent door-stone inspired the muse of Hiram Rich, and arrests the attention of every visitor to the deserted village. The senior Joseph married Rachel Pickworth, one of a numerous Manchester family which intermarried with the Woodburys in at least two generations, and had sons Joseph and John. Joseph married Mary Ridgel and built the first house referred to, while the house with the door-stone descended to John, whose son John was born in 1740, his mother's maiden name having been Rebecca Brown. He must have been nearly eighty years old at his death in the old house, which was torn down soon after, in 1820. These facts dispose of the tradition that the house with the door-stone belonged to Arthur Wharf, who evidently lived in the house adjoining. The latter house was evidently built after 1740, as it does not appear on the ancient plan.

On the right of the village street stood in 1740 the house of James Stanwood. He appears to have been the son of John and the grandson of Philip, the founder of the family on Cape Ann and in America. James Stanwood married Mary, the daughter of Lieut. James Davis, in 1712, and had two sons, James and William. In 1728 James Stanwood was admitted a resident of Falmouth, now Portland, Maine, but evidently

did not settle there, unless the James whose name is marked on the plan is the son.

I find nowhere any reference to James Demerit, who is credited with a house standing in the vicinity of the Easter Carter place. He is a petitioner for the new parish, and there we must leave him.

Apparently the house Molly Jacobs lived in in more recent years was in 1741 the home of Joseph Ingersoll. George Ingersoll, the first settler of the name, had a son Joseph and a grandson of the same name, who married Mary Brewer in 1707. Their son Joseph was living in the town parish in 1740, and with his father signed the petition. His brother John lived in another part of the parish.

Near Granny Day, a century and a half ago lived Stephen Robinson, Jr. The senior Stephen was the youngest son of the patriarch, Abraham, who is credited by the genealogists with being the son of Rev. John, pastor of the Pilgrim church at Leyden. The son Stephen married Mary Clark, a cousin I should judge, though perhaps an older sister of Joseph and John Clark, referred to above, Feb. 27, 1730. Babson says, "He may have removed to Marblehead, as administration of the estate of a Stephen, late of that place, was granted to his widow, Jan. 23, 1740." The plan shows that Stephen was living in Dogtown at that date. He had a little Stephen, doubtless a pupil of Granny Day's school at this period, and he married a daughter of Peter Lurvey, as I suppose, Rachel, June 29, 1756.

The only other resident on the Dogtown village street at that early date was Joseph Riggs. He was the son of Andrew, youngest son of the early schoolmaster,



Thomas Riggs. He married Priscilla Allen, in 1738, she dying in the year 1750, and later he married Sarah Demerit, doubtless a daughter of the unidentified James. I suppose Priscilla Allen was a daughter of the Benjamin Allen who was Joseph Riggs' nearest neighbor, living on the upper road, and I judge, also, that it was in the former home of Benjamin Allen that Abraham Wharf lived at the time he rashly determined to take his own life. A comparison of the plan in the Dogtown book with the ¶parish plan seems to prove this. A few years ago I stated that this house was not the homestead of Abraham Wharf, and the parish plan, showing the Arthur Wharf house a distance away, proves the correctness of that statement.

Benjamin Allen was apparently, though not certainly, one of the 17 children of the first Joseph, and a brother to Joseph, Esq., and Thomas. Mr. Babson does not follow up the history of this Benjamin, who was born in 1687, but he prints a reference to the Dogtown Benjamin in his Notes and Additions, which practically proves my theory that the cellar surrounded by the foundations of outbuildings, where he says Abraham Wharf lived, was the home of Benjamin Allen.

Abraham Wharf married Mary Allen, and in 1765 Catherine Richardson, Mary "Wharf" and Susanna Allen petitioned for a division of their deceased father's estate. Benjamin Allen married Mary Riggs Oct. 1, 1729, and a son, Andrew, was born Aug. 5, 1756.

## CHAPTER IV.

The study now brings us to one of the most illuminating points in the history of Dogtown. Back in Beech pasture, on the parish plan, is shown the house of Nehemiah Stanwood. It is the house marked in the Dogtown book as that occupied at different times by Peter Lurvey, Black Neil and Sammy Stanley, and which was the early home of John Morgan Stanwood and his wife, Peter Lurvey's daughter. This is the house which was taken down and rebuilt by James Thurston, and which now stands near the corner of Reynard street on Washington street in Riverdale.

The first occupant I was formerly able to trace was Peter Lurvey, the Revolutionary martyr. But the plan, together with Mrs. Ethel Stanwood Bolton's excellent and accurate "History of the Stanwood Family," makes its entire history clear. The Nehemiah Stanwood who built this house was the grandfather of John Morgan Stanwood, or "Johnny Morgan," as Dogtowners called him, and was born Nov. 15, 1704, the son of the Jonathan Stanwood whose house is shown on the plan as on Wheeler's point. His mother was Mary Nichols of West Amesbury. He was a weaver by trade, and was married Jan. 14, 1731, to Bethiah Elwell, whose parentage I will not attempt to state, amid a multiplicity of Bethiahs. Later he married Patience Harraden, and lastly, in 1759, Sarah Tucker. She was probably the widow Sarah Adams who married John Tucker a few years previous. At the time of the death of Nehemiah Stanwood in 1784, his

son Nehemiah was made administrator of his estate, and a year later Hon. Benj. Greenleaf, judge of probate for Essex county, appointed James Day, Issac Dennison and Zebulon Lufkin, all freeholders of Gloucester, a committee to give the widow her third of the estate. Their report was as follows:

Gloucester, June 21, 1785.

“Hon Sir Agreeable to a warrant to us directed, we have set off to the widow Sarah Stanwood, one full third part of the real estate of her husband, Nehemiah Stanwood, late of Gloucester, deceased, viz,—one Lower Room in the western end of the said deceased dwelling House with a privilege to bake in the Oven in the Eastern Room of Said House, also the privilege of one Quarter part of the cellar; also one Cow Right in the Pasture adjoining Said Dwelling House and Village Land and a Privilege to the Well the whole amounting to 20 pounds.”

This would indicate that the old house in Beech pasture was valued at about 60 pounds in 1785. Nehemiah Stanwood, the builder of the house, was a weaver. He had nine children. His oldest son, Joshua, married Mary Riggs, and had a long career in the Revolutionary war, his entire service being in the coast guard, in Gloucester. Nehemiah, the second son, and the father of John Morgan Stanwood, was a fisherman, born June 26, 1733, who married Ruth Morgan Jan. 31, 1756. (The latter evidently got her name from her mother, Ruth Lane, daughter of James, born Dec. 27, 1718, who married a Morgan.) Evidently Peter Lurvey, who married a sister of Abraham Wharf, went to housekeeping in one side of this house, and I am more convinced than ever that the younger Nehemiah, after his marriage to Ruth

Morgan, lived in the vicinity of the " Boo," and that the reason John Morgan Stanwood finally went to live for a time in the Beech pasture house was, not because he had married Peter Lurvey's daughter Mary (for at the time of the marriage the latter was probably living with Abraham Wharf), but because the house was his by right of descent. All of Morgan Stanwood's children, I should judge, were born in the Beech pasture house.

There seems little light to shed upon the antecedents of James Marsh, Jabez Hunter and William Hilton, dwellers at the time of the preparation of the plan on the Dôgtown Commons road. "Arter" Wharf was of course the father of Abraham, the suicide, and was the son of the early settler, Nathaniel Wharf. Joshua Elwell was the father of Isaac, married Susanna Stanwood (daughter, I judge, of Andrew), and became the father of Capt. Isaac Elwell, at one time postmaster of Gloucester. The Elwell house appears to be the one later made famous as the home of Judith Ryon, better known as "Judy Rhines."

## CHAPTER V.

Dogtown seems always to have had many widows within its limits. The Widow Davis, who appears as a resident on the upper road, was Anna, widow of John, son of the first settler of the name, and the daughter of Edward Haraden. Her son Joseph married Jemima Haskell, who later became the wife of Lieut. Thomas Allen. Her son William had a fine Revolutionary record, and has many descendants in Gloucester. "Widow Cannable" did not remain a widow. She was Lydia Riggs, daughter of the second Thomas Riggs, and after the death of Thomas Canneby, she married Solomon Davis, son of Lieut. James Davis.

Abigail Bennett, whose name appears, was the widow of the first settler of the name, Anthony, who was a carpenter, and built and operated the mill at the outlet of Cape Pond brook, near Fox Hill and the home of Tammy Younger. The name "Anthony Bennett" which appears on the plan at this point was that of his oldest son, and Stephen and John Bennett, whose name appears near that of Abigail Bennett on the upper Dogtown road, were sons of the second Anthony. At the time of the preparation of the plan, 1741, he was non compos and under the guardianship of his son John, while his mother, Abigail, who seems to have been evicted from the home at Fox Hill to make room for the family of the son, had been dead seven or eight years. I have tried to identify one of these Bennett houses as the "Old Castle," but find it impossible to do this without a search of Essex records, which

would probably result in fixing the house marked "John Bennett" as the Castle.

It is but a short distance from the house of William Tucker on the main road, to the cottage on the back road, still standing, of his descendants, Dan and Dorcas, or "Dark" Tucker, the latter the brewer of the "dire drink," who got her name from her ancestor, Dorcas Lane, wife of the first settler of Lanesville, John Lane.

---

It is foreign to the purpose of this series of articles to discourse of the homes outside the limits of Dogtown which appear on the plan. From the ancient house of Thomas Riggs, the first schoolmaster, went a flock of daughters and granddaughters, to become the wives of residents of Dogtown. This statement is also true of the houses of Lieut. James Davis and Ezekiel Day, also on the outposts of the now deserted village. I think I have made it fairly clear, by the aid of the resurrected parish plan, that the people who built and populated Dogtown had in their veins the best blood of Gloucester.

This was the position I took, but could not at the time prove, in "The Story of Dogtown." The early residents of the Town Parish had large families. The distribution of land in 1719 made it possible for every male above 21 years of age to secure a quarter lot, but many of these were located in what became Dogtown. At that date I do not believe a single house stood in what is now Dogtown Commons. Two decades saw twenty-five homes, all flocking with children. In a little over ten years, therefore, Dogtown

could celebrate its two hundredth anniversary, if, alas! there were any but the shades of the departed to attend the celebration. In the Dogtown genealogy I endeavored to bring down, as far as feasible, the family lines of Dogtown dwellers to their grandchildren or great-grandchildren, now living. In the present chapters, I have carried the lines back to the beginning. It has been a pleasant task, made more pleasant because it has been the solution of a problem which has vexed those who have studied Gloucester's history for two generations.













